THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly

Foun[illegible]d A° Dⁿ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

JULY 8, 1911

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DRAWN BY
SARAH S. STILWELL WEBER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

The ambition of every tiremaker in the world is to some day make a non-skid tire as good, and as popular as the famous

NOBBY TREAD

Eighteen months ago, Nobby Treads were first placed on the market. Since then they have been sweeping the country, replacing non-skid tires or non-skid devices on cars in every possible kind of service.

Skidding Protection—These big, thick, diagonally-placed knobs grip the slipperiest road or pavement at every conceivable angle *and they do it even on a wet asphalt pavement.*
They reach down deep into muddy or sandy roads, and give you absolute traction—something you would never expect a plain tread to do.

Wearing Quality—In decided contrast to the ordinary "non-skid" tire these tough rubber knobs expose so large a surface to the wear and tear of the road that it takes thousands of miles to wear them smooth. When they finally do wear down, you still have left the full life of a plain tread.

For safety's sake—for economy's sake equip your car with "Nobbies"

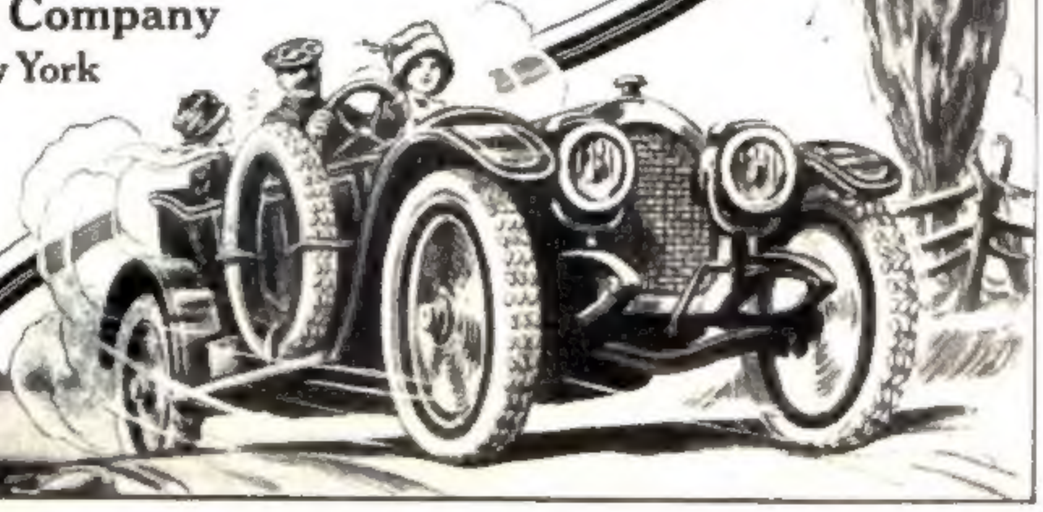
For sale wherever

United States Tires

Continental
G & J
Hartford
Morgan & Wright

are sold.

United States Tire Company
1793 Broadway, New York

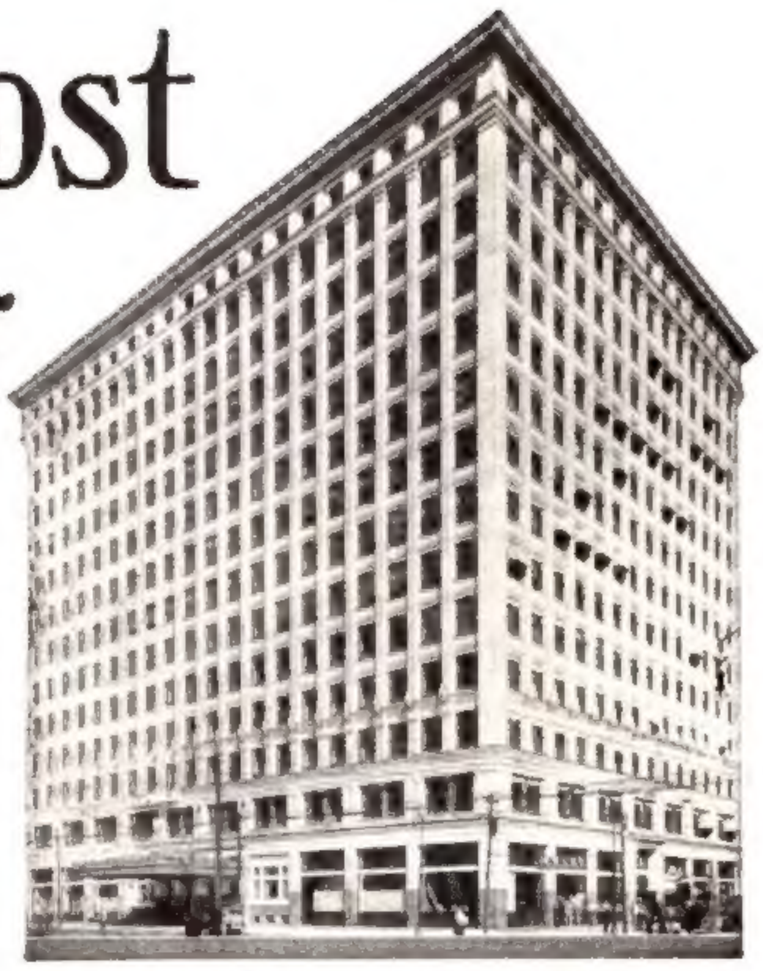


Better Heat at Less Cost

In Cottage or Skyscraper

Residence and Garage of H. Roede, Weehawken, N. J.—using the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

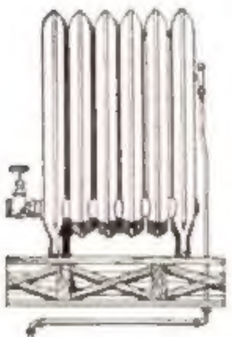
This is probably the first time vacuum steam heating has been explained in a publication of general circulation. The information given here is of great importance to every user of steam heat and to every prospective user of any kind of heat.



Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Building, Cleveland—using the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

YOU can save a fourth of the customary cost of steam heat, and get quick, uniform heat into every loop of every radiator, if you add the Reliable Vacuum Pump to your steam heating-plant.

Because it pulls out the air from radiators and piping, it makes every inch of radiation immediately effective. For the same reason, it makes fuel-bills less. How this double advantage can be secured for old and new steam heating-plants is explained below.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump

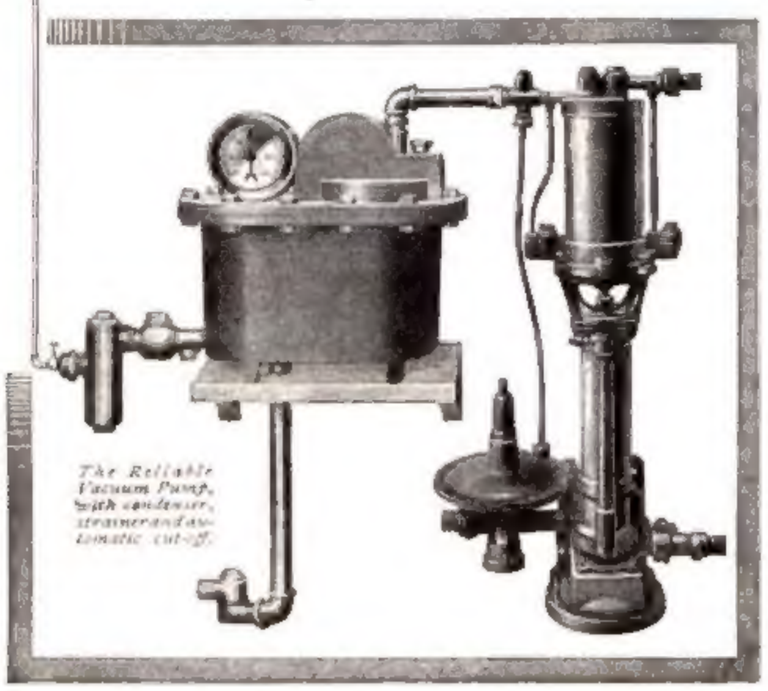
For Steam Heating-Plants—New or Old

Why It Is Efficient

WITH the air pulled out of pipes and radiators, steam instantaneously reaches every radiator—no matter how far it may be from the boiler; no matter how many angles there may be in the piping.

Turn on a radiator, and steam at once rushes in to fill the void. There is no air to give way grudgingly, contesting every foot of the way, and making the grumbling, pounding noises that are so disagreeable in the ordinary steam system.

Every inch of radiation is immediately effective. There is no waiting hours, or even minutes, for some particular radiator to heat. Every part of the system is doing its work.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump, with condenser, strainer and automatic cut-off.

Why It Is Economical

THE fact that the air is pulled out from the heating system is also responsible for the economy assured by the use of the Reliable Vacuum Pump. Since there is no air to be overcome, not so much steam will be required for reaching all parts of the system. Instead of the pressure of from two to five pounds ordinarily required, your steam-gauge will show ounces, or no pressure at all.

And the fact that you don't have to maintain a full head of steam in order to get thorough circulation through the system also means that you combine the advantages of hot water and steam heating without the limitations of either.

How These Advantages Are Possible

THE theory of vacuum steam heating has been known for a number of years. The Reliable Vacuum Pump has made those theoretical advantages practical. It has been in successful use for more than three years; and it is so simple and so economical that it can be used with profit in the smallest residence, and in the largest office, factory, or public building—whether steam is generated on the premises, or furnished by a central station.

It is a simple automatic air-suction pump that is to be connected with the radiators. Any heating contractor or competent steam-fitter can install it; and there are no royalties to pay.

It is operated by water-pressure from the city mains—or by electricity if you prefer that.

It is regulated to maintain a vacuum of such a degree as will produce the required results most economically. When the vacuum falls below the indicated degree, the pump begins to operate. When the required degree is reached, the pump stops. The whole operation is automatic.

Cost To Buy and Operate

TO quote positive prices is impossible until the details of your heating-problem are known. But it is certain that the saving in fuel-cost and the gain in comfort will pay many times over for the cost of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

The cost of operation varies with the work to be done. It is trifling in any case. For example: The Permanent Building, Cleveland, with 8,000 square feet of radiating-surface, consumes but 3c worth of water a day, by actual water test, for operating the pump.

Begin Your Investigation Today

ASSURE next winter's comfort and economy by prompt investigation of the Reliable Vacuum System. Write today for handsome illustrated booklet, giving further details. If you state the size and character of your building, we shall be able to give definite information. We shall also be glad to place you in touch with a heating-contractor in your locality, who is competent to give estimates and full details.

The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.

General Offices, Garfield Building **CLEVELAND** Twenty Branches in the United States

The Ivory Soap Prize Contest

THE Ivory Soap prize contest has taught us several things. One is that there are scores—yes, hundreds—of uses of Ivory Soap of which we had no knowledge. Another is that the number of women who use Ivory Soap to the exclusion of all other soaps is much greater than we supposed. It is the only soap they use. They wash the dishes with it; the blankets; the curtains; the colored clothes; the white clothes.

They use Ivory Soap for the bath and for the toilet.

With half a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, and a quart of water (kept almost, but not quite at boiling point for ten minutes after the soap is dissolved) they make Ivory Soap Paste, and with it shampoo their hair and clean their hardwood floors and their rugs. They tell us that for those purposes, as well as for many others, Ivory Soap Paste is even better than Ivory Soap.

And the men are almost as enthusiastic as the women. They use Ivory Soap for shaving. They clean their automobiles with it, their tan shoes and their straw hats. They—but why not print a list of some, not all, not half, not even a tenth, of the purposes for which Ivory Soap is used by the men and women who took part in the contest?

Here is the list:

In the Household

To clean Rugs (use soft scrub brush)
Carpets (use soft scrub brush)
Matting (use soft scrub brush)
Bath tubs
Palms, ferns, etc.
Pianos
Woodwork
Tile mantels and tiled floors
Mahogany, oak and walnut furniture
Windows
Mirrors
Tapestry
Willow, reed and grass furniture (use brush)
Lamp burners
Lamp chimneys
Grips and suit cases*
Brass and copper*
Bronzes*
Gas and electric light fixtures*
Brass beds*
Hardwood floors*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. Apply with clean, soft cloth. Remove paste with another clean cloth. Rub or polish with third cloth, or a chamois.

NOTE—In cleaning several of the articles listed above—pianos, woodwork and furniture, for example—use very little water. Dip a cloth in a good suds of Ivory Soap and warm water, wring it nearly dry and apply, covering only a small surface at a time. Rub and polish with another clean cloth.

In the Laundry

To wash Woolens
Blankets
Sweaters
Knitted shawls
Curtains
Comforts
Down quilts
Table linen
Pongee, foulard and china silk dresses and waists
Silk stockings
Silk underwear
Silk handkerchiefs
Ribbons
Laces and embroidered articles
Parasols
Gingham, linen, corduroy, serge and worsted dresses

HINTS—Put some clean Ivory Soap suds in the starch. It will prevent the iron from sticking and produce a better gloss. Wash irons occasionally in Ivory Soap suds. If your wringer or washing machine does not work easily, rub a cake of Ivory Soap on the bearings.

In the Nursery

For baby's bath and shampoo
As a wash for a child's mouth
To clean Baby carriages (use brush) and carriage rugs
Nursing bottles
Bearskin coats
Kid shoes*
Leggings and stockings
Flannels

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. See directions elsewhere.

Ivory Soap and Water Will Not Injure Anything that Water, Alone, Will Not Harm

IVORY SOAP PASTE: For laundry purposes and for general use around the house, Ivory Soap Paste is ideal. The proper proportions are half a cake (small size) of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, to a quart of water; or a whole cake to two quarts of water. Keep nearly, but not quite at boiling point for ten minutes after soap is dissolved. Set on back of stove to cool. Keep in glass jar with screw top. Use as required.

SILK is more easily injured than wool. Wool is more easily injured than linen or cotton. Act accordingly.

TO "SET" A COLOR: If you are not sure that a color is "fast" wash a sample and dry it. If the color suffers, try to set it with a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax or alum in the proportion of one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

WHITE CLOTHES (linen or cotton) should be soaked for several hours. Wet the clothes, rub Ivory Soap Paste on the soiled parts, fold and roll each piece by itself, pack in a tub, cover with cold water, in which a liberal quantity of Ivory Soap Paste has been dissolved, and let it stand over night. White clothes should be boiled. Use *cold* water, and bring it to the boiling point very slowly.

WOOLENS may be soaked for not more than ten minutes in warm water in which Ivory Soap Paste has been dissolved; silks, twenty minutes; blankets, thirty minutes; colored clothes, not at all.

TEMPERATURE OF WATER: 120° Fahrenheit—just warm enough to allow you to put your hand in the water without discomfort—is the best temperature for washing woolens, blankets and silks. Colored clothes should be washed in water not quite so warm.

RINSING: The water in which clothes are rinsed should be of the same temperature as that in which they are washed. This prevents shrinking. A tablespoonful of Ivory Soap Paste dissolved in the water used for rinsing woolens and blankets will make them soft and fleecy.

FOR COLORED CLOTHES, make a suds of Ivory Soap and warm water and quickly wash, rinse and hang out to dry, one garment at a time.

USE A WRINGER for white clothes, hosiery and colored clothes. Many experienced laundresses do not put woolens through the wringer but shake them and gently press the water out by hand, stretch them into shape, and allow them to dry in the shade or in a moderately warm room. If you use a wringer, see that it is adjusted so that the fabric will not be injured.

DON'T RUB woolens, blankets or silks on the washboard.

HOT WATER—without soap—has a tendency to "set" dirt and stains. Soap counteracts this tendency.

TO SOFTEN WATER, use ammonia, borax or sal soda. Ammonia and borax are mild and comparatively expensive. Sal soda is stronger and cheaper.

REMEMBER THIS: Even Ivory Soap will not produce the best results if it is not used intelligently.

In Kitchen and Pantry

To wash Dishes
To clean Tea and coffee pots
Cut glass
Silver and plated ware
Linoleum
Painted walls
Refrigerators
Poultry and hams before cooking (use a stiff brush)
Granite and aluminum ware

HINTS—Ivory Soap Paste, dissolved in warm water, is fine for washing dishes.

Wipe the range once or twice a week with an old cloth dipped in strong Ivory Soap suds, and wrung nearly dry. Rub with dry cloth.

Personal Uses

For the bath
For the toilet
As a dentifrice
For shaving (rub cake on face and "work up" lather. Rinse. Reapply lather. Shave)
As a nail polish (use nail brush)
For bites of mosquitoes, fleas and other insects (apply Ivory Soap lather to affected parts and let it dry)
For shampooing the hair*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste, applying it to the hair and scalp. Rinse in several waters, each cooler than the preceding.

In the Sewing Room

A cake of Ivory Soap is a good substitute for dressmaker's chalk.
Rub Ivory Soap on sewing machine needles—they will run easier.
Before drawing threads for hem-stitching, rub the hem line with a cake of Ivory Soap.
Before sewing heavy material (canvas, etc.), rub Ivory Soap on it—the needle will go through it easier.
When sewing, stick needles in a cake of Ivory Soap occasionally—they will work easier.
To prevent thread from knotting, draw it across a cake of Ivory Soap.

Articles of Wear

To clean Eyeglasses and prevent their "fogging"
Men's panama and straw hats (use brush)
"Switches," etc.
White beaver hats (use brush)
Silk, chamois, lisle and cotton gloves
Dress shields
Cravenette, suède, velvet, tan and canvas shoes
Celluloid collars and cuffs
Ostrich plumes
Aigrettes
Veils
Furs
Barettes and side combs
Silver mesh purses, unlined (use brush)
Leather belts*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. Apply with clean, soft cloth. Remove paste with another clean cloth. Rub or polish with third cloth.

Practical Uses

To make screws and nails "go in" easily—rub Ivory Soap on them.
To lubricate door hinges, pumps, churns, washing machines, etc.—rub Ivory Soap on them.
To make drawers that stick slide easily—rub Ivory Soap on the "draws."
Rub Ivory Soap on bolts, windows, doors and rockers that stick or squeak.
To temporarily stop gas leaks—soften Ivory Soap in hands and apply to leak.

In the Garden

Ivory Soap is an invaluable insecticide. Shave a cake of Ivory Soap very thin and dissolve in two quarts of boiling water. When cold, add ten gallons of cold water, and spray roses, carnations, violets and chrysanthemums. Rinse with clear, soft water in half an hour.
For begonias, ferns and all tender and bulbous plants, add fifteen gallons of cold water. Dip plants in this or spray it over them—an old whisk broom will do very nicely. Rinse in soft water.
To keep finger nails clean while gardening, fill them with Ivory Soap and, when finished, wash in warm water.
To wash automobiles, use Ivory Soap Paste for metal parts; Ivory Soap and lukewarm water for painted parts.
To wash dogs and other pets.

More than twelve thousand men and women took part in the Prize Contest. Nearly fifty thousand recipes were received. Many of the recipes are valueless. Many tell the same story. Nevertheless, the Contest has been a very great success. We propose to use the information which it has brought to us in a way that will benefit every user of Ivory Soap. We intend to publish the best of the recipes and, by so doing, to make the advertisements of Ivory Soap so practical that women will turn to the "Ivory Soap page" with the knowledge that it will help them solve many of the problems with which they are confronted.

We have enjoyed this opportunity of coming into personal contact with the men and women who use Ivory Soap; and we have been gratified, beyond measure, by their expressions of confidence in the product. A large proportion of the letters which have reached us since February 1st contain such comments as these: "Ivory Soap is invaluable; I could not keep house without it." "For thirty years Ivory Soap has been my standby." "I cannot begin to tell *all* the uses of Ivory Soap; but this I know—it is the only soap to use for general work if one would have well kept, good looking hands instead of coarse, red hands which advertise hard work." "I have used Ivory Soap for twenty years, and it has never failed me yet."

The task of arranging the recipes is not an easy one; and it is not likely that the booklet, a copy of which will be mailed to every contestant, will be ready for distribution before November.

A circular giving the names of the winners was mailed to every contestant June 15th. On the same day, checks were sent to those to whom prizes were awarded in accordance with the conditions of the Contest.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

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Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1911 Number 2

LA FOLLETTE'S IDEAS

An Interview With the Leader of the Progressives

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

La Follette as a Boy

Senator La Follette

IN ninety-six I couldn't get any one to make the Progressive fight for Governor," said Senator La Follette, "and I had to run myself. I wanted to run—I was determined to stand for public office before Sawyer died. I suppose I should tell you of an episode that my friends believed had made me a weak candidate. I refer to the treasury cases."

To put it briefly, the Attorney-General of Wisconsin had instituted suit against the state treasurers to recover interest for a period of twenty years. Senator Sawyer was bondsman for many of these treasurers, and he was sued personally for about three hundred thousand dollars. In a month the cases were to come up for trial before Circuit Judge Siebecker, a brother-in-law of La Follette.

Philetus Sawyer was the senior United States Senator from Wisconsin, was the political boss of the state and a multimillionaire lumberman who loved his money too well to part with a dollar of it except for a material or a political *quid pro quo*. And Senator Sawyer's friends claimed the old man had been "good" to La Follette when the Representative from the Madison District had entered Congress—a green young man of thirty.

Sawyer, alarmed about the treasury cases, in desperation turned to La Follette, asking him to come to the Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee. Thinking it was a political conference, La Follette met the appointment. The old money-hoarding lumberman and the young attorney shook hands in the hotel parlor. But let La Follette tell the story:

"Sawyer began by saying that no one knew he was to meet me. He said at once that he wanted to talk to me about the treasury cases; said he didn't want to retain me, and then said he was worried about the cases. I can see his expression now as he talked—the old man who feared that his money was to be taken from him. I was so intent on watching his face that I did not see that he had his pocketbook in one hand and a roll of bills in the other. Almost before I saw the money Sawyer tried to press the bills into my hand, saying: 'There'll be more money when Judge Siebecker decides the cases right.'"

La Follette's face was stern. All the kindliness had gone out of his blue-gray eyes; they were dark—ominous. The smile had left his mouth. His expression was menacing.

"If he hadn't been an old man ——" he said, and then with a wave of the hand dismissed the scene.

La Follette told what followed when he reported the facts to Judge Siebecker. The judge refused to sit in the treasury cases; but he gave no explanation for his refusal. Reporters from Milwaukee and Chicago began to guess. The Chicago Times ran a scarehead story.

Then followed journalistic speculation, with nothing definite. Sawyer, frightened, tried to arrange a meeting with La Follette. He failed. Then, fearing exposure, he rushed to the Milwaukee Sentinel with an interview. Sawyer said that he could not account for Judge Siebecker's action in withdrawing from the case, although he mentioned incidentally that he had met La Follette by appointment, had sought to retain him in the case and had been told—what he professed he did not know—that La Follette was the brother-in-law of Judge Siebecker and that, therefore, La Follette could not properly appear in his court; and Sawyer concluded with the statement that they had parted good friends.

La Follette announced his intention to give out an interview telling the truth. His friends counseled delay and told him that his political career would be ended; that Sawyer would ruin his law practice and drive him from the state. La Follette would not listen.

The interview was printed—the truth told. Immediately, from one end of the state to the other in the newspapers controlled by Sawyer, La Follette was maligned and held up to public scorn.

"What this meant to me," said La Follette, "no one can ever know. Through it all I quietly held to my course and attended to my law practice. But the ordeal—the severest of my life—disciplined and tempered and hardened me for the things that were to come. Nothing has ever seemed to hurt—even to touch me—since.

"I determined," said La Follette, "to crush that power which held the state in its grip; that power which, not content with the control of the legislature of the state, of the press of the state, had sought to invade the courts; that power which, to serve its greedy ends, would break down reputation and character.

"And when I have been misrepresented, attacked and maligned in Wisconsin and in Washington, and when I have been defeated again and again, I have not felt it. It has all seemed trivial compared with that one experience when the powers of corruption in Wisconsin strove to destroy my character. For all the capital I had was my honor and reputation for integrity."

That is the picture one must have in order to understand La Follette—the Governor, the Senator, the man; to emphasize those principles of representative government to which, verily, he has dedicated his life; and to appreciate why he fights, how he fights, and wherefore he does not know when he is defeated.

In Washington, La Follette is seeking to do as United States Senator what he did in Wisconsin as Governor. And if he were elected President of the United States he would endeavor to do for the country at large what he succeeded in doing for the commonwealth in which he was born and raised.

In 1896 and 1898 La Follette secured a majority of the delegates for the gubernatorial nomination. Both times, enough delegates were bought on the eve of the convention to defeat him. In 1896 some two hundred of his supporters were so indignant they demanded that he run as an Independent.

"I remember," said La Follette, "that I climbed on a table and reasoned with them. I told them that the fault was not with the people—that the Republican voters were honest; they had appointed certain agents to do their work and these agents had violated their trust. I told them that the trouble was with the men higher up—not with the people; that it was not for me to leave the Republican party, but that the men who had corrupted the party to serve their own selfish ends, and particularly to serve the corporate interests, whose creatures they were—that *those men must leave the party*. I told them that there must be some way in which the people could express their choice

for candidates and could insure a political campaign fought out on the principles they believed in, and advocated by the nominees whom they themselves had selected. That was the beginning of the fight for a direct primary, which is the basic idea in any plan to restore popular government."

La Follette was elected Governor in 1900, and carried the legislature; but the Sawyer machine "got" the legislature. In achievement, La Follette had nothing to his credit in his first term.

"But I sent in one special message after another," said the Senator. "I flayed them with all the power I could command. The legislature censured me—but that only called attention to the messages," he added with a smile.

Again, in 1902, La Follette was elected Governor. This time the legislature merely wobbled. After the defeat of the direct primary bill and just before the legislature adjourned, the Governor proposed that it be passed with a referendum. The Stalwarts, knowing that the caucus and convention system would prevail at the next election anyhow, agreed to this proposal. "Uniform taxation" was also carried.

"The manufacturers were getting rebates from the railroads," said La Follette; "and if we had brought forward rate regulation with railroad taxation, the railroads would have made the manufacturers lobby against the tax bill, which they more or less favored, in order to protect the rebates which a rate bill would have prohibited. In other words, we couldn't fight the combined corporate interests at one and the same time. Se we 'took on' the railroads first; and, with the public sentiment favoring uniform taxation behind us, we passed the tax bills. And in passing them we got from the railroad officials themselves testimony as to a physical valuation of their property. This was a great aid when we came to value railroad property as a basis for railroad rate regulation."

Progressive Laws Sustained by Courts

A THIRD time La Follette ran for Governor. The main issue was railroad rate regulation. They called it, in Wisconsin, "the last-ditch fight." Again he was elected. What to him was even more important, the direct primary bill was approved by the people and went on the statute-books. And railroad rate legislation was put through upon a scientific basis. How?

"I had given a great deal of careful study to the subject," said La Follette; "I had been a member of the Congress that passed the original interstate commerce act. I had read everything I could lay my hand to, published on the subject. From my reading and study, and the careful consideration of conditions in Wisconsin, I had, with others, worked out the draft of a bill for the regulation of railroad rates and services. I had it printed with wide margins and had copies of it sent all over the United States, to the best-known writers upon the subject of transportation and to those who had a disinterested concern and a wide experience with the subject. Many suggestions came back. Some, of course, were unsuited to Wisconsin conditions, others were unwise; but from these suggestions as a whole the bill was very much improved. I am satisfied that our rate law marked the highest development of railroad regulation in statutory form. Very rarely since its enactment—and then on immaterial points—have the railroads appealed to the courts from decisions of the railway commission."

"Can you say, Senator, in general of the bills that you have fathered, that the same care was exercised in their preparation?"

"I can. I have never introduced a bill in Washington, or had a bill introduced in the legislature of Wisconsin, until I had carefully studied the subject myself and, moreover, had secured the advice and counsel of the best experts in the country on the subject. And the proof is here—that only one law, and that an unimportant one, approved by me as Governor of Wisconsin has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of our state. The sixteen-hour law, for which I made a fight in the United States Senate and upon which I forced a vote, has recently been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. That law not only benefits railroad employees but it safeguards the lives of the traveling public. The first employer's-liability bill which I introduced in the Senate was declared unconstitutional by a four-to-five decision; but I had warned the railroad employees' organization against it, and only introduced it in the form they desired so that certain moot questions would be presented in the actual cause to the highest court for its decision. The succeeding law that I introduced has since received the sanction of the Supreme Court.

"Careful and thoroughgoing investigation and the solution of legislative problems upon a scientific basis—laboratory work in which the representatives of the people and the experts of the state's university work together in harmony—that is our way of doing things in Wisconsin. I am not 'in control' of the legislature at this time. The people are in control and progressive ideas prevail. Knowing this, reactionaries would imagine that the 'demagogues are running wild.' The real condition surprised even ex-President Roosevelt when he visited the state on his recent trip. He said* of our public men that they were proceeding 'with cool-headed caution and wisdom, with a firm purpose to go forward in the true progressive spirit, and yet with a no less firm purpose not to be misled by names, and to do nothing foolish merely because they were afraid of being called unprogressive if they did not do it.' And that is exactly the case."

"Do you believe, Senator, that 'better is half a loaf than no bread'—that it is wise to obtain as good a law as you can get and then seek to improve it at some subsequent date?"

"I do not," said the Senator decidedly, "if there is a sacrifice of essential principles in the compromise offered. I would far rather go back to the people on the issue."

"But can you rely on the people? Aren't they apt to become confused or to tire of the consideration of a subject?"

"All I can say is that it has not been so in Wisconsin. The people have been keenly interested, have understood and have elected representatives finally who would enact thoroughgoing and effective laws."

"But the time wasted in postponement ——"

"Is as nothing," broke in the Senator, "to the time utterly wasted in putting ineffective laws on the statute-books. Take Federal railroad rate legislation, for example. Early in the Seventies the question was agitated, but not until 1887 was the interstate commerce law written—written with the consent of the railroads. As a result of this 'benevolent coöperation'—such as Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham offered to Congress in their amendments to the Hepburn law—the first interstate commerce act was stripped bare by decisions of the United States Supreme Court in 1896 and 1897. Then, more agitation; then, ten years later, another compromise measure, from which was omitted the basic proposition of governmental rate regulation—namely, the physical valuation of railroad properties. For this we are still agitating—and yet forty years have elapsed since we first began to be agitated about the railroads."

"And agitation, they tell us, Senator, hurts business more than anything else."

"Yes. For a long time we were warned against agitation in Wisconsin. In my second term as Governor the manufacturers of the state, who were battening on rebates, warned the legislature that 'any attempts to disturb . . . transportation rates would unsettle the business affairs of the state, endanger investments and interfere with the development of our industries, and drive capital from the state.' Again, in my last term as Governor, the manufacturers rallied to the support of the railroads and warned legislators against a 'widespread disturbance of business interests, continued uncertainty as to rates, and the financial ruin of many of our industries the very existence of which is almost wholly dependent upon the undisturbed continuance of the present system.' The manufacturers did not say so," continued the Senator, "but the 'present system' meant the giving and taking of rebates."

"And what happened industrially after you had effected your legislative reforms in Wisconsin?"

"Nothing happened when the government of the state was administered scientifically—except that Wisconsin prospered. From 1905 to 1910 the total operating revenue received from all sources by the railroads in Wisconsin increased fifteen millions, while the reductions of freight rates on intrastate business amount to nearly three million dollars. During the same period the total deposits in the commercial and savings banks of Wisconsin increased fifty-one per cent. Yes, Wisconsin is prosperous—railroads are prosperous; the public utilities of the state, which are also regulated, are prosperous. And there is not an honest manager of a railroad or of a public utility in Wisconsin who today would not contend against the repeal of the Wisconsin rate-commission law with as great vehemence as he contended against its enactment in the years 1903 to 1905."

* Wisconsin: An Object-Lesson for the Rest of the Union, By Theodore Roosevelt. The Outlook, May 27, 1911.

A Prophecy Explained

"THE contest in the nation is not different from that in the states," continued La Follette. "The same corrupt influences which surround state legislatures are at work in Washington. Legislation to control the trusts, to revise the tariff, to regulate railroad rates and services, will not give to the American people the kind of government they are seeking. The Government must be made thoroughly responsible to the people. It must be made to reflect their will."

"In your speech demanding a reopening of the Lorimer case you made the prophecy that the time is coming when the Senate will be democratized. What did you mean?"

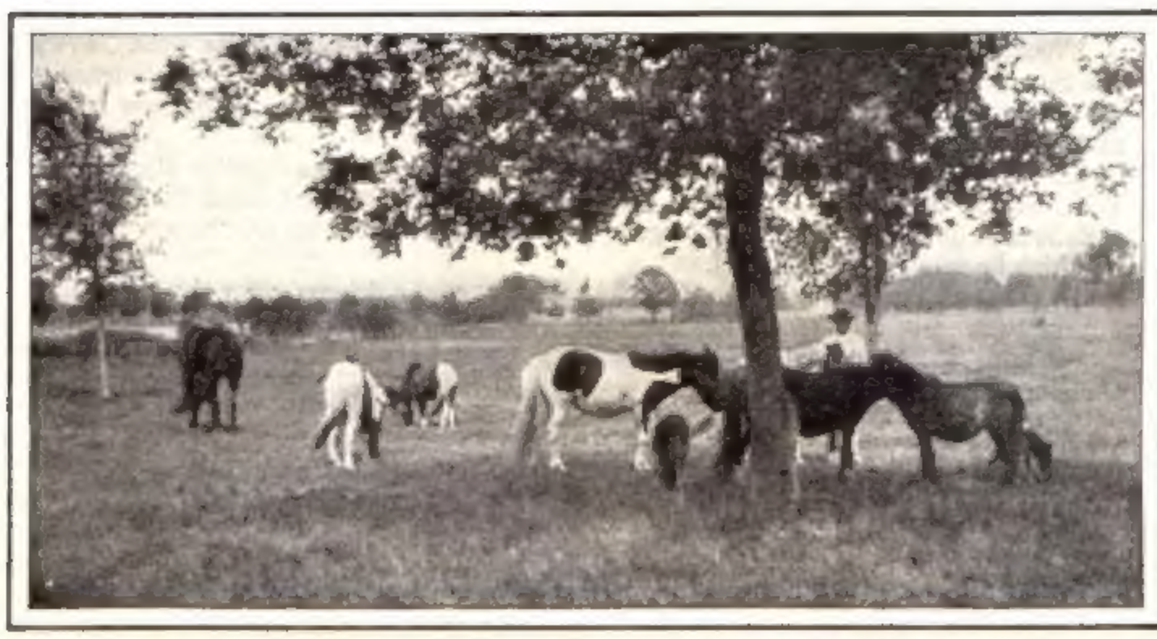
"The Senate is at present controlled by a few bosses who represent privilege. Their scheme of control is simple and is practically the same on both the Republican and Democratic sides. At the beginning of every Congress each party holds a secret caucus. The program of the bosses is arranged in advance and it goes through without a hitch. A boss is made chairman of the caucus and is authorized to appoint a Committee on Committees. One of the senior bosses is named as chairman of this committee and a majority of the Committee on Committees is composed of members who hope sometime to be Senate bosses. They defer largely to the chairman in making assignments to the standing committees. Each caucus ratifies the action of its Committee on Committees.

"The business of the caucus is quickly finished. It is all transacted in less than five minutes. It practically settles the fate of all legislation in the Senate for two years—the full life of an entire Congress. When the committees are announced in open Senate the bosses are found upon the committees that control appropriations, finance, transportation, the tariff, commerce, foreign relations, military affairs, naval affairs, on the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on Rules. And the Senate ratifies the action of the caucuses.

"To the standing committees of the Senate so selected, all bills, as introduced, are referred under the rules. They amend, rewrite, pigeonhole or report—or wholly suppress legislation—at their pleasure.

"To criticise the action of any committee or to seek to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill is to overturn precedent and to violate 'senatorial courtesy,' which has become the inner citadel of privilege.

(Continued on Page 24)



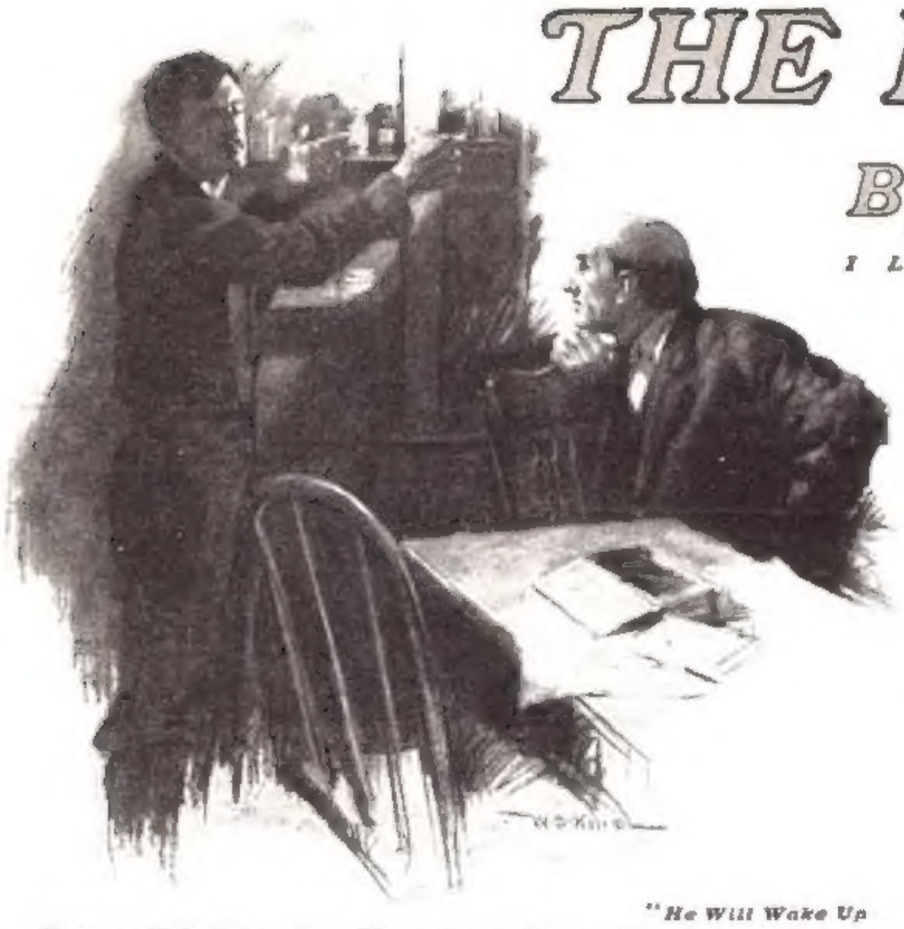
Part of the Herd of Shetland Ponies Belonging to Robert and Philip La Follette

View From Veranda, Maple Bluff Farm, Across Lake Mendota

THE NAMELESS THING

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



"He Will Wake Up Because He's Got an Iron Heart, But it Will be Tomorrow Afternoon"

THE night was advancing. The rain pattered on the canals of mud that trailed off through the hills, on the great squares of rusted pipe piled along the railroad track, on the heaps of frayed cable, on the jam of wagons behind the freight shed.

The shanties on the edge of the hideous raw town were all dark, except a single one built on piles and opening with a decayed porch directly into the mud road. This was the office of the doctor—a single room, filled with shelves and bottles, a table, a chair or two, and a bed screened off with a calico curtain. Within, on the table, a new tallow candle burned in a tin candlestick. Hot tallow in a white pulpy mass was pushed up around the base of the candle, showing that a new one had just replaced one already burned out.

The doctor was walking backward and forward through this room. Sometimes he stopped before the window, dingy with smoke and dirt; but the night was like ink and he could see nothing. He was a young man with what had once been a delicate physique, but he was now bronzed and toughened. Sometimes, as he walked, the man paused as though to listen, but there were no noises save those of the rain.

An hour passed. Then, from the canal of mud running off westward into the hills, there arose a sound as though a lake of batter were being thrashed with a gigantic flail. At the sound the doctor's anxiety ceased; he came over to the table, thrust the candle more firmly into the candlestick and sat down. The gigantic thrashing sound increased, and a moment later the door opened and a man entered hurriedly.

The man was covered with soft yellow mud; it trickled in thick, viscous rivulets over his big Saxon face. He was no usual person—tall and muscular, with a thin, bony, hawk-bill nose, a head that was perfectly bald, and a wide, straight mouth. And, in spite of the evidence of his bald head, he was in the very prime of life. He looked around at the shelves of little bottles, the stove, the table covered with medical journals, old letters and scraps of paper, the saddle-pockets in the corner, the calico curtain screening the bed, and the nails in the wall that did service for a wardrobe.

"True to life, Charlie," he said.

"Why not?" replied the doctor, rising. "It is life."

Then he went over to a shelf, took down a glass jar half full of some amber-colored liquid and set it on the table. There was a stone pitcher with a broken mouth on an inverted nail keg by the window, and a cloudy glass. He rinsed out the glass and placed it beside the jar.

In the meantime, the big man got out of his rubber coat. He threw it with his hat on the floor and he wiped the rivulets of mud from his face with a handkerchief; then he noticed what the doctor was doing.

"Not for me," he said, "I've cut out the booze, Charlie; but if you have any tobacco in this joint, let me have it."

The doctor put a box of stogies on the table. They were strong, black and bitter from the green tobacco out of which they were rolled, but the big man seized upon them as though they were a sort of treasure, bit off the end of one and lighted it from the doctor's candle. Then he sat down and began to draw the smoke into his mouth and slowly release it, as though it were a soothing and delicious incense.

"This is a fine place you roost in, Charlie," he said; "I came from that flag station through a mud river."

"They've been hauling pipe," replied the doctor, "and with the rains the roads are batter." Then he added: "I could not be sure that you would come, but you are the only one whom I could trust."

"You might not have been sure that you could trust me," said the big man, "but I think you could have been sure that I would come. You came once when I sent the word. I'm a good Indian, Charlie."

"Well," continued the doctor, "I said to myself: 'Arkman's the man; he will come and he will stand up.'"

"You're half right, Charlie, anyway; I'm on the ground." Then he looked about him.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I've been here two years. I located this for the place when the oil company got its big well out on Rock Creek. This town sprang up in a night; money has been pouring in here like water through a sluice. I knew that in such a place everything would be a sort of temporary makeshift—buildings half put up, everything cheap and flimsy, everybody taking a chance, and any sort of old stuff run in and made to do until the oil blew out and the boom collapsed. And, Arkman, I was right—you never saw so much money floating around. All kinds of birds have picked fortunes out of this mud hole—saloons, dance halls, faro joints. The corner drug-store offered me a thousand dollars a month to stand in its back room and write prescriptions for liquor. . . . And all the time I've been practising medicine."

"And straight . . . with your little old saddle-pockets?" said the big man.

"Arkman!" replied the doctor. "I'm the only man in this whole country that is straight. I'm the best citizen in it. The oil companies plunder this region as though it were a captured province, and the place is full of sharks, pirates and grafters. Arkman, I'm the only man that any one of them will either believe or trust. The farmers ask me about their leases; and the crooks come to me when they get in trouble. I'm full of the trusts and confidences of sick men and dead men. I've got the reputation that I wanted to get. I've been square! What I say is the truth and what I do is on the level. I'm the doctor, the lawyer, and the priest for this whole corner of hell!"

The doctor moved his chair nearer to the table beside which his companion sat. He caught his under lip between his thumb and finger. His eyes looked beyond the wall.

"It's been a hard life," he said. "You can't imagine it. I haven't shirked the part! I've gone at every call, in rain and snow and mud up to the horse's belly. I've eaten food that would kill a dog; and I've slept on the floor, and in the saddle, and in beds so full of vermin that I had to burn my clothes to get rid of them. And I haven't selected out the good patients. By Jove, the part I was playing made that easy! The poor devils down on their luck have had the first call. It wasn't their fees I was after.

"Two years of that—four years, counting the nights! And all the time, Arkman, do you know what I've been thinking about? I've been thinking about a cabin on an ocean liner, and the smell of the sea, and the dock at Cherbourg, and the ride through the wheat fields and the red poppies, and Paris! And I've been thinking about the restaurants over there! And I've been thinking about a touring car and the great roads; and the feel of clothes that fit you; and the smell of a good cigar; and the taste of champagne; and the good things of life!

"That before your mind —— And before your eyes the mud road, and a woman coughing herself to death with tuberculosis, and a child choking with diphtheria, and dirt and poverty and squalor. And half-cooked pork swimming in lard, to eat, and yellow biscuit, and coffee that would poison a cat!"

"How about it being good to be good—nothing in it?"

"Nothing in it!" replied the doctor; then he hesitated—"Oh, well, darn it, yes!—you're glad to help the poor devils. But that's not the point."

Again he stopped and remained for a moment silent.

"Well, what's the result? One is, that from being about the poorest excuse for a doctor that ever straddled a horse, I've got to be a good one." He moved the medical pamphlets on the table.

"I take all their truck," he said, "and I know who's guessing and who's seen the sick man sweating in his bed—that's result number one. Result number two is that I haven't five hundred dollars, while every Tom, Dick and Harry has made his pile and skipped. But I've got the thing I was going after. I'm above suspicion! There isn't a man, woman or child that could be convinced by an angel of God that the doctor could do anything wrong. They wouldn't believe it. You couldn't convince them. They'd laugh in your face; or they'd curse you till a fly wouldn't light on you."

"You haven't done it by halves, Charlie."

"Not I," said the doctor; "I planned to do one big job, and only one, and I took my time. I guess you didn't believe me. Well, that night in Chicago, when I turned the box upside down on the faro table and got up out of the dealer's chair, I meant what I said. No more little skin games for me! I took a turn through a fake college in Cincinnati and struck up here—playing my part and keeping my eye on the main chance. And now the job's ripe."

"What's in it?" said Arkman.

"Six hundred thousand dollars," replied the doctor. "A hundred thousand for you—five hundred thousand to yours truly. That may look like giving you the short end. But figure it up. You put in an hour. I put in two years—besides, I've kicked out the rabbit."

The big man whistled low and softly.

"Good Heavens! Man," he said, "are you cracking a subtreasury?"

"The independent oil company has sold all of its producing wells to the central company, and the money's in the bank to close the deal," replied the doctor—"came in today."

"Got that straight?" said Arkman.

"Straight!" echoed the doctor; "I'm a director."

Again the big man whistled.

"What's the safe like? Can I drill it with a steel bit?"

"You won't have to drill it," replied the doctor. "I told you that everything was a temporary makeshift in this place—that's what I counted on—the safe is one of those big, old-fashioned junk boxes. All there is to do is to putty up the cracks of the door, leaving little holes at the top and the bottom, put an air pump on the bottom hole, a paper funnel full of pulverized powder on the top one, and suck the powder in with your pump, cover the door with a wet blanket and puff it off."

The big man took the half-smoked stogy from between his teeth.

"Charlie," he said, "people are sure not leaving their money in an old carpet-sack like that. There must be somebody watching it with a gun."

"There is," said the doctor.

"What's he like—a farmer?"

"Git in This Saddle Quick. A Scantlin' Fell at the Jones No. 1"

"Not by a long sight," said the doctor. "That watchman makes up for anything that the safe lacks. He sleeps in a cot set up against the safe door and he has an arsenal of shooting irons laid out all around him—and they're not there for looks either. He's no toy desperado, that man; he's the real thing. The bankers know that—that's the reason they trust the old iron box. With that man on the job, the money would be safe in a paper vault. They'd have to kill him; and, believe me, they'd have a mighty hard time doing it."

"Got him fixed?" said Arkman.

"I have," said the doctor.

"What's the figger?"

"Arkman," said the doctor, "do you suppose I'm organizing a syndicate? What do you imagine I've been playing the part in this God-forsaken mud-hole for? To end up with the same old game? Not I! I propose to remain above the suspicion of any man in this county. Don't you see what I've been after. I don't want to be hunted when this job's over. Listen! I'm going to bring the money up here and put it in my old saddle-pockets there in the corner. After a while the doctor's health will begin to fail; he will bear up as long as he can, then he'll take his old saddle-pockets and go down East to the experts. Word will come back that the doctor's all in. The experts will send him to Germany. And in its good time the word will come that the doctor is no more. And do you know what they will do here in this place? They'll build a monument to the doctor."

"But how about this Johnny with the guns? Got him lured away?" asked Arkman.

"Lured!" said the doctor.

"Eats out of your hand, then?"

"Arkman," said the doctor, "you didn't use to be a fool."

The big man blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Charlie," he said, "ain't this thing got a joker in it? You didn't mention this gentleman with the fortifications. You sent me a wax impression of the door key and you said the safe was rotten—but no word of this other little difficulty."

"There is no other difficulty," replied the doctor; "the watchman will be asleep. You will take hold of one end of him and I the other and we will lift him around out of the way; that's all there is to it."

The big man suddenly laughed without disturbing a muscle of his face.

"Your friend must be a mighty sound sleeper."

"He'll sleep tonight," replied the doctor.

The doctor rose and held the candle up to a little glass jar on the shelf. He turned the jar so the label could be read.

"With three of those morphine tablets in you, Arkman, you'd never wake up. That watchman's got four in him. He will wake up because he's got an iron heart, but it will be tomorrow afternoon, and it will take me four hours to do it."

For amazement and for admiration, the big man had one method of expression—the low whistle on a single note—and he gave it now.

The doctor sat down.

"It was all in the plan. I've worked up the case. The man has a little muscular rheumatism and I'm giving him soda."

Arkman chewed the end of his stogy, then he threw it away, got another out of the box and lighted it at the candle. For some time he was silent, then he spoke as though he pronounced a reflection.

"Now, that's what I call genius," he said. "Well, I'm glad the job's easy, because I'm going to chuck this sort of business."

"What's the matter with you anyway?" said the doctor anxiously.

The big man took the stogy out of his mouth and looked the doctor calmly in the face.

"I'm afraid!" he said.

The doctor's chair scraped on the floor as he thrust himself back with his extended legs.

"Afraid!" he said; "I thought there wasn't a living thing in the world that you were afraid of."

"There isn't," said Arkman.

"You're not afraid of the dead?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Nor the dead," said Arkman.

"What is it, then, that you're afraid of?"

"Charlie," said the big man, "I don't know."

The doctor looked at his companion as though he were a patient with some deadly obscure disease.

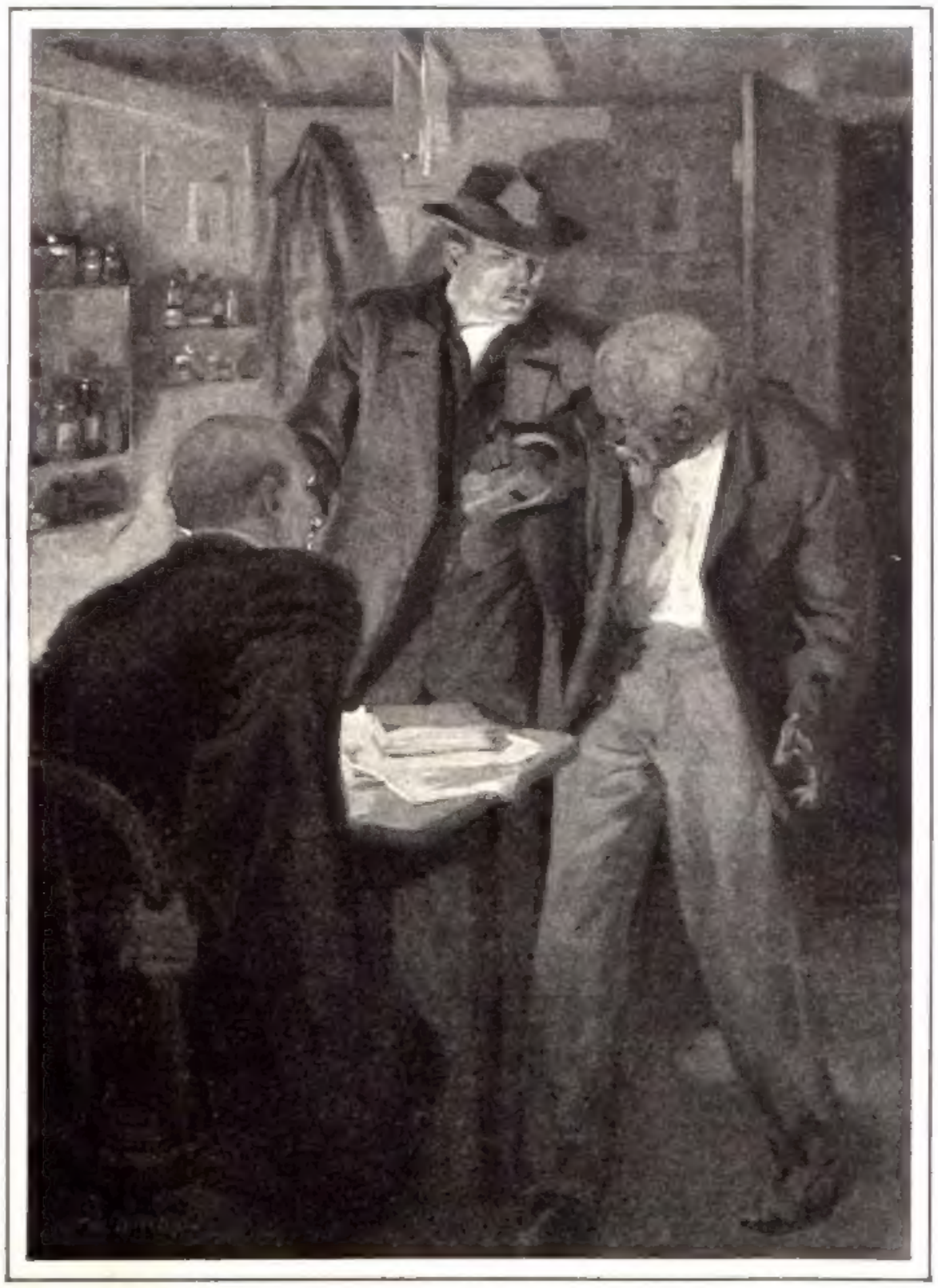
"Afraid of something and you don't know what it is!" he replied.

"No," replied the big man; "I don't know what it is. Nobody knows what it is."

"Hasn't it got a name?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said the man; "it's got a lot of names—none of them any good. You'd call it chance."

"Chance!" and the doctor laughed. "Why, Arkman, that's a word men invented to cover up their incompetency.



"What Can?" Cried the Doctor. "You'll Kill Somebody, You Fool!"

Chance! That's a word that means lack of foresight. When you say you're afraid of chance, you simply say that you are afraid of yourself."

"There," said Arkman, "I told you the names were no good. Sure they're not worth anything—any of them. To give a thing a name, you've got to know what it is; but nobody knows what this thing is; so all the names you give it mean something else. Then when you get to going on one of these names, you're not talking about the thing—you're talking about what the name means. Try them all: There's Providence! You don't believe there's anything that fits that name, now, do you?"

"I do not," replied the doctor. "The term implies that an authority, which has got the universe going according to a fixed set of laws, capriciously interrupts these laws at its pleasure."

"Sure," said Arkman, "the name's no good. But the racetrack name's no better, now, is it? When you say 'luck,' you begin to talk about something else right away."

"You begin to talk about something that's rot," said the doctor. "You are assuming that there is an influence external to yourself that impels events to assist you or to destroy you."

"There you are!" said the big man; "you can't name it, but it's on the job, Charlie. And when it starts out to land you, all your precautions are not worth a whoop. There will be some little unforeseen accident that will put you to the bad."

The doctor made a gesture of disgust.

"Rot!" he said.

The big man chewed the end of his stogy.

"All right, Charlie—look where the boys are; look where they all end up: Sing Sing's full of them; Joliet's full of them; and look what they say."

"A man will say anything when he's soft," said the doctor.

"Was Vronsky soft?" replied the big man. "Was that old cockney Ponsford soft? I was with Vronsky the night he was hanged. He kicked the preacher out of the cell; and he sat there smoking a cigar, just as I am doing. And do you know what he said? 'The thing's crooked, Arkman; you can't beat it.' And Ponsford said the same thing—'T'int sife.'"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "The thing is probably only a per cent of accidents."

"But why is that per cent of accidents always against us?" replied Arkman; "that's what I want to know. I've thought about it often."

"Any preacher will tell you," replied the doctor; "step into a church."

"I did step into a church," said Arkman, "but it wasn't a preacher who told me. I was standing in the door one night downtown, in New York. It was raining, and a man who was waiting for a car came in and stood beside me. He didn't belong in the crowd; you could tell that by everything about him. He listened a moment and then he said to me:

"'That's all folderol. Nature is laboring at some great work; those men who are useful to her purpose, who assist her, who aid her, she endeavors to preserve; and those who are useless or harmful, she endeavors to destroy—it's a law.' And he went out.

"Wait a minute, Charlie—isn't that about the size of it? We're on the wrong side; we're not helping anything along; we're against it; we're not useful to the thing; we're in its way. And it's a-trying to get rid of us! Now that's what Vronsky meant when he said the thing was crooked; he meant that our side wasn't getting a fair deal—that there was something working against us. He didn't understand what it was; but he was a Slav with a head full of brains and he could see the thing at work. I've been watching it, Charlie, and I know it's picking us off! That's what makes me afraid. And there's another thing Vronsky said—'You can't beat it,' and you *can't*. Try to think of anybody that it didn't finally land. They've all got theirs, sooner or later. Count them on your fingers!

"Say! Charlie, anybody can see results. Even old Ponsford saw results—'T'int sife!' Sure it's not safe! I saw that just as well as Vronsky, just as well as Ponsford, but I didn't understand why until that stranger told me.

"Charlie, what the deuce do you think we've been trying to do? We've been going up against the Thing that runs the whole universe—and we've been trying to beat it at its own game. See! It's playing all the time—all the time, day and night, morning and evening—to advance, advance, and to keep everybody and everything that helps it, and to get rid of everybody and everything that hinders it. And it knows everything, and it sees everything, and it understands everything. And us bucking a layout like that! The nerve of it!"

At this moment the latch of the door clicked.

The doctor arose and threw the door open. An old negro stood there. The doctor was angry.

"Didn't I tell you to clear out?" he said. "What's wrong with you—what are you hanging around for?"

The negro was frightened and he stammered.

"Yes, Doc," he said, "I'm goin', Doc, yes, sah;" and he shuffled away through the mud.

The doctor closed the door.

"Who was it?" said Arkman.

"A worthless nigger who sweeps out the office," replied the doctor. "He's a nuisance. He's always breaking something and he's always in the way, but somebody has to keep him."

The doctor stopped by Arkman and took hold of his wrist. The man's skin was cool and his pulse was deep and placid.

(Continued on Page 32)

Irene, the Single-Cylinder Kicker

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

IT'S nothing to me, of course, whether you believe it or not; but there was only one reason why I ever bought a motor boat.

It was Bertie Misch.

There ought to be a law against naming any one of the name of Misch "Bertie"—especially when the Misch in question runs entirely to length and nothing else. At all events, though Bertie stood six feet two in his shirt-sleeves, his bust development resembled that of a hop-pole or a section of lawn, ladies' or fire hose, Boston sizes indicated.

However, I leave it to you now whether any one with a shape like that has a right to play the mandolin. Misch did, anyway. Moreover, he played it at any hour of the day or night the fit took him—usually at night, though, which is the habit of most mandolin players that infest flathouses. And then, again, he was in love. You may take it from me, however, this had nothing to do with his shape.

"You Perishing Pirate! You Bring Me Back My Clothes!"

The contrary, rather. I say this deliberately because, if there was any worm-i'-the-bud business about either his love affairs or his cheek, it was not perceptible to the naked eye. Before the finish, in fact, there was so little concealment about the matter that the entire neighborhood not only knew he loved but could lay you ten to one and show inside the money that the name of his love was Irene.

There were others too.

Not that I care to speak of myself, of course. Furthermore, when I get down to including Binkey in the business, there is almost anything else I'd rather talk about—even motor boats, if necessary.

Let me say here that Binkey knew all about motor boats. I might add, too, that the world is filled with such people. When they are not running motor boats they invariably occupy themselves by pulling apart some other sort of machinery—say, the plumbing or the kitchen clock. Failing these, however, they take kindly to anything else that may be opened with a screwdriver—the insides of a bicycle, for example—though occasionally, of course, some relative leaves them enough to buy a second-hand automobile—when they retire under it for the rest of their lives.

Such was Binkey—only motor boats were his specialty. At any rate, so Binkey told us. I'd like to remark, though, that it doesn't do always to believe all you hear.

Ours naturally was also named Irene. And Irene was twenty-two and a half feet over all—the boat, you understand, not the girl—and a neat five feet in the beam. In addition, she had a full inventory of galvanized salt-water fittings, among which was an alleged four-hoss, two-cycle, jump-spark, single-cylinder kicker, warranted to propel any craft of her inches at the almost breathless speed of nearly six miles an hour—that is to say, one anticipated something like this after reading the library of choice popular fiction which the engine company issued as a catalog with each sample of its handicraft. However, in justice to the makers I may add that at such times as the motor could be induced to go at all we maintained a speed frequently in excess of three and a half miles, sometimes close to the three-quarters and occasionally even four.

Still, there was no denying that the Irene was—as the old salts say—"all boat!"—a staunch, seaworthy little craft, ably designed to ride out the heaviest weather ever encountered on the ground-floor of a department store. Of her seagoing abilities we were, in fact, assured by the bluff, hearty seadog out of the mackintosh department who sold her to us. "S' help me, gents!" the old shellback swore roundly. "Your money returned and no questions asked if that there goods ain't genooine custom-made!"

That settled it. Then and there we bought the Irene. We took her as she stood, riding at anchor in the channel between the shoe and grocery departments, just abaft a sale of marked-down canned asparagus. A nobby, stylish article, the old seadog called her—"Natty; our own make!" as he further affirmed—and, what is more, a bargain. Price, two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents; a drive all the way from three hundred dollars—though, if I remember rightly, the captain knocked down the change.

As I recall it now, it was some time early in the bank's vacation season when this affair began. Anyway, the windows of our three-rooms-with-a-bath-and-kitchenette flat were open, so that the family across the airshaft began to complain bitterly when Misch started in again on Say, Darling, Say; When I'm Far Away—with one finger, too, and mostly on the E string besides. But, as I was about to say, until the moment motor boats hadn't even been mentioned.

Personally I had no wish for a motor boat. I was debating rather whether I'd spend my vacation money on a white flannel yachting suit and two weeks in the Catskills, or whether I'd give up the yachting suit and go to the seashore instead. Irene's family had, in fact, said something about Asbury Park; besides, until I took up boating, I was very fond of the sea. Binkey, however, was unsettled in his plans. Asbury, of course, was also his choice; though, if he went to Ocean Grove, he would have enough left over to buy a jigsaw or one of those light-housekeeping toolchests you read about in the subway—the sort, you know, that contain about everything there is in the tool line except a wheelbarrow or sugar tongs. However, as I was saying, the family next door was just getting ready to throw something at Misch and his glee-club Spaniard when all at once Binkey had another swell idea.

Binkey was always having ideas. He had them, so to speak, in the way you have fits or the ague—hot and cold by turns. "If we threw out some of this rotten furniture," he said, "there'd be plenty of room for a jigsaw."

If I'm not mistaken Binkey referred to Misch's easychair and sofa, which had always been in our way. However, as I had already planned to get rid of them so that I could make room for my college cozy corner, naturally I protested. "Yes, but look here, old chap," I warned him pleasantly, "if you get a jigsaw I'm afraid you'll have to use it in the kitchenette."

Misch slept in the kitchenette, the bedroom being mine, while Binkey had the dining room; but by putting Misch's washbasin on the stove there would be plenty of room in the kitchenette for a jigsaw.

"Yes, I know," rejoined Binkey; "only when I wanted to work quietly he'd be in there snoring."

It was at this point that Misch showed signs of returning consciousness. "What say?" he dreamily inquired. As no one bothered to answer he hit the mandolin another wallop, and leaving his dear old college Spaniard somewhere in midair announced suddenly he was a jolly good fellow and would hang his harp on Aunt Dinah's quilting party.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" Binkey disgustedly exclaimed. "Say, don't you know we're talking?"

"That's all right," aimlessly answered Misch; "it ain't bothering me any!"—as if any one cared whether it was or not.

However, after an argument, Misch put down the mandolin and, with a grunt, stretched himself out on my best sofa cushion, embroidered in the varsity colors with "'Tis a way we have at old Rutgers." That was like his nerve. "Say," he drawled, after I'd snatched it away, "what's all the megellup I heard about toolchests and Ocean Grove? I thought all you needed for a vacation, Bink, was my alarm clock and the icepick or a screwdriver."

Somehow, it took Binkey quite a while to understand just what the fellow meant. When it dawned on him, though, I wish you could have seen the look he gave Misch. Besides, he snapped out pretty sarcastically:

"Aw, you make me tired, Misch!"

"Yes, I know that," Misch vacantly answered; "only if I were you and Rollo here, the professional Rutgers man"—meaning me, if you please—"I'd cut out all the bunk about flannel yachting suits and jigsaw picture frames. What you two want to drive all the girlies crazy is, say, a red canoe with a phonograph in it. Or why don't you get a motor boat?" inquired Misch. "You two shirtwaists would look real sweet in a putt-putt."

For a moment I thought Binkey was about to say something really sharp. Probably he couldn't think of it in time, though he did scowl rather savagely.

"A motor boat would sure be swell," added Misch, as he unkinked himself and arose. "If you moved out my trunk and the bed, next winter, you could store it here in the flat and I'd sleep in it. Besides, Bink, it'd keep you happy doing picture puzzles with the engine."

As absurd as it all sounded, however, it was, in the light of later events, by no means so ridiculous. Anyway, after remarking that he was going out to get a clean shave and a shine, Misch inquired whether I'd mind if he removed my windowbox with the tulips from the bathtub, as he wished also to take a bath.

Naturally I minded a great deal, but before I could say anything Binkey gave a sudden exclamation. "Look here, you!" he demanded sharply. "Where are you going with that bath and a clean shave?—this evening, I mean."

I suppose by now you'll have seen that Misch was a bit of an ass. Whatever the case, he began to grin mysteriously. "It's a secret, Bink," he answered vacantly; "but seeing it's you I don't mind stretching a point. I'm going to call on Irene."

Irene! Why, not even Binkey and I yet presumed to address Miss Jones by her given name. But that isn't what I meant to tell about. What I have in mind is the crusher Binkey handed back to him. "You've got another guess, young fellow!" he remarked, more sarcastic than ever. "We're going there ourselves tonight—and somehow," he added ironically, "I don't remember inviting you!"

"No, but Irene has," answered Misch; and, with another of his asinine grins, he went out and closed the door.

Well, that started it. It was the beginning of the end. I'm bound to say, however, that at the time neither Binkey nor I realized how bad it really was. Still, it was bad enough, especially as we'd intended our call on Irene to be in the nature of a little surprise; in fact, we had said nothing of our pleasant little intention when we'd finished calling on her the night before. "Of course," said Binkey, the moment he had caught his breath, "that fellow's just

Cut Off Right in the Middle of the Interesting Talk I Was Giving Irene on the New System of Double-Entry Bookkeeping We'd Just Adopted at the Bank

invited himself to call. Nobody can make me believe she'd ask him to sit out on the steps with her."

Irene, you know, lived in West End Avenue, where all the best families prefer the front stoop whenever the weather's fine.

"Well, we'd better hurry, I guess," advised Binkey, after a moment's thought; "if we get there ahead of him we can mooch all the best sofa pillows anyway."

Binkey and I always called on Irene together. It was part of the bargain we'd made months before, in order that neither should have an unfair advantage of the other. Besides, it was a part of the agreement that, if one took her, say, a paper of gumdrops or chocolate creams, the other could, for example, ask her around to the drug store for a college ice.

Until now, Misch had not even been considered in the arrangement, it being preposterous to believe that Irene or any other of our girl friends would care to have the fellow about; but the night before, just as Irene was feeding her fox terrier the checkerberry wafers Binkey had brought from the corner fruitstand, Misch had hove into view. Under his arm was a four-pound box of bon-bons—the kind, too, that come with a ribbon around them and a picture on the cover; so that I was not only incensed at his ostentation but was further annoyed at being cut off right in the middle of the interesting talk I was giving Irene on the new system of double-entry bookkeeping we'd just adopted at the bank.

You're mistaken, however, if you think either Binkey or I was going to let that fellow keep on following us around like that. "Oh, well," remarked Binkey negligently, "it won't be for long. We're going on our vacations pretty soon."

I could hardly wait until he'd finished. "Heavens, Binkey!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean you're going on a vacation and leave him behind? Great Cæsar's ghost, man!" I protested. "Why, by the time we get back he'll think he owns the place!" He would too—that is, unless we were there to call him down.

"Gad! I hadn't thought of that!" Binkey ejaculated.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked. As I pointed out, Misch would be likely to pester the life out of any girl that gave him the least encouragement.

Binkey didn't know. He suggested, though, that we might warn Mr. Jones we didn't consider Misch a proper associate for his daughter. Though this might have availed, when Binkey and I tried to think of something scandalous enough to indorse the scheme all we could rake up out of Misch's past was the mandolin and that he was nothing but a pencil-pusher in the bank's A to F department. For that matter, so were we—that is to say, I was on the N to Z books, while Binkey stoked one of the automatic adders in the clearing-house division.

"Dash it, anyway!" Binkey swore hopelessly. "If he'd only done something queer we could fix him!—drank, or run around with stockbrokers or an actor." In fact, Mr. Judsett, the cashier, was always warning us against Wall Street and the stage; but, as none of Misch's companions were any more scandalous than his habits, we had to cancel the effort to wreck the fellow's character.

To tell the truth, we were well-nigh hopeless, when all at once Binkey let out a joyful cry.

"I've got it!" he exploded. "My idea's a regular corker besides."

They always were. Binkey, in fact, never had one that wasn't—that is, until you tried them with the acid. "It's exactly what he himself suggested; and —— Good Heavens, man!" exploded Binkey heatedly. "Don't you see it now?"

I certainly did not. Until he explained it further, I couldn't have seen it had I been looking through a telescope.

"What I mean," answered Binkey enthusiastically, "is that we'll buy a motor boat and then go off on a cruise."

"What!—and leave him behind us?" I asked of Binkey.

"Say! Do you need a map?" remarked Binkey, with what I fear was rudeness. "You bet we won't leave him behind! When we go on our cruise we'll shanghai the brute and take him with us!"

Well, I fell for it. I fell for it, I may state, like any other lamb that's all wool and a yard thick. Together, Binkey and I planned and plotted. It was very neat. We had not only settled the summer problem but had settled Misch as well. Afterward we shook hands in high feather and loafed up the street to Irene's.

As I've said, our call that night was intended to be a surprise. Unfortunately, however, the surprise was largely on us. It was so because, when we finally arrived at Irene's, we found the house entirely dark and all the windows closed. Nothing daunted, Binkey tackled the doorbell, though without result—that is, nothing happened except that the family next door came out and asked Binkey to stop disturbing the neighborhood. The Jones family had gone to the country, we were informed; but where they had gone our informants couldn't tell. All they knew was that Binkey had better stop his racket and go away from there.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" remarked Binkey as we slowly returned to our flat. "Kind of queer, though, wasn't it, that Irene didn't tell us?" Then he began to scowl thoughtfully—savagely too. "Say!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if that fellow Misch knows about this?"

"If They'd Only Told Me They C'd Have Had the Swellest Wedding in West End Avenue That Me or My Money C'd Buy 'Em!"

It hardly seemed probable. If Irene had forgotten to tell us it was hardly likely she'd think of telling Misch.

It was about eleven P. M. when Misch came in. Then, the moment he opened the door, Binkey and I saw at a glance something must have happened to him.

"Hello, straight front!" Binkey cried out hopefully. "What's the trouble?"

Misch closed the door and walked over toward him. "Trouble? None at all—unless you want to start some," he announced darkly; but, as he came into the light, I saw suddenly there was mud on his boots, while a couple of cockleburs were stuck in his trousers—not that I am any Sherlock Burns; but you don't pick up mud and cockleburs in West End Avenue. Without mincing matters, I asked Misch where he'd been.

"Oh, just out on the trolley," he answered evasively.

There are a good many trolleys in and around New York. Misch, however, remarked carelessly that I could pick whichever one I chose. The argument, in fact, was growing quite spirited, when Binkey nudged me cautiously and at the same time gave Misch his best Y. M. C. A. glad hand.

"That's all right, Mischy, old chap," he said, beaming pleasantly. "You don't have to say if you don't want to."

"It's a one safe bet I don't!" agreed Misch heartily. "Only don't you give me any of your smoochy grins," he added, "or I'll swat you! I ain't feeling well."

I would have liked to know why, but Binkey left me no chance to ask. "Bertie, old boy," said Binkey enthusiastically, "you'll be glad to hear, I know, that we've got a nice little surprise for you. Now don't say a word till I've finished—but how would you like to go cruising in a motor boat?"

Misch cautiously regarded him for a moment. "Oh, I dunno," he answered briefly. "Depends a good deal on who's going on the cruise."

Rather rude, I'd remark, after so kind an invitation. "Why, we are," responded Binkey. "After talking it over, we've finally decided to ask you."

Again Misch absorbed himself in thought. "Well, I might stand the strain," he observed presently; "only I want to know where you two armchair sailors are bound for."

In planning it out, Binkey and I had figured on the Hudson. There are plenty of good harbors on the Hudson where yachts can run in when the weather on the river is unsafe—but Misch gave a grunt.

"The Hudson?—nothing doing!" he announced flatly. "I couldn't see it now, not if the tide rose up as high as Broadway."

"Why not?" demanded Binkey haughtily. Naturally it hadn't entered our heads that Misch might decline any invitation we would give him.

"Oh, I dunno," he drawled again. Afterward, however, he remarked that, whenever it was filled up with tin cans and corset signs, scenery always hurt his eyes. "I'll tell you what, though!" he exclaimed suddenly, as if a thought had struck him. "If you two soda-water yachtsmen will make it Long Island Sound, I'm dinged if I won't go."

It was too easy. Binkey and I exchanged a swift, secret look. "All right!" snapped Binkey shortly. "Say you'll go with us and we'll make it the Sound instead."

At the words, Misch slapped himself on the knee. Then he slapped Binkey on the back so that Binkey began to cough like a taxicab. "You're on!" cried Misch; and with a loud, elated laugh, he swore that the first thing in the morning he'd go downtown and buy himself a yachting cap and a life-preserver.

. . . . . .

The ten days preceding our vacation passed pretty swiftly. Time was short and much must be done. Frankly, I knew very little of the technical side of sea life, so that I saw I must do a lot of reading. Binkey, too, was equally engaged; but of Misch we saw little. Apparently, in anticipation of the cruise, he spent most of his time in packing. Then, too, at other times he disappeared for hours, returning ultimately with his shoes again covered with mud. It was quite puzzling. However, I gave up bothering about the fellow, as we had already bought the Irene. Too many other things were on my mind.

The cruise, as charted by Binkey, contained many pleasant possibilities. It involved a six days' sail to the eastward and return.

"See, this is the course," said Binkey; and, laying down the levantine copy of Byron's Corsair I was studying, I peered over his shoulder. "Simplest thing you know," Binkey observed, as he drew his pencil over the chart. "We'll just run down the coast, spend a day or so ashore; then cross the Sound and home along the upper beach."

"Yes, but when you're in only a boat," I remarked, a little thoughtfully, "that's a good deal of water to cross." Besides, as I saw from the chart, it was over a hundred feet deep in some places.

"Well, we'll go to Shelter Island anyway," answered Binkey. "All the yachts do, you know."

I had never seen Shelter Island. Let me add, I haven't seen it yet. There are other parts of the Sound, however, about which I know all there is to know. One of them is Whitestone. According to my information on the subject, Whitestone is just where the river ends and the Sound begins—or, as you make it by the carlines, about thirty minutes from Broadway. I know this. I am quite sure of it, in fact, because the cruise of the Irene ended there. We got no farther. Binkey and I came home by the trolley; and he had a bathrobe over what was left of his yachting suit, while I sat far enough away from him to avoid being considered in his company.

Why we two weren't brought back in the baggage car ahead is really what keeps me awake at nights—which is to say, you know, that the Irene, to the best of her abilities and purpose, very nearly fulfilled the destiny of all her kind as a destroyer of youth and innocence.

However, here are the facts, and I leave you to judge for yourself.

Ordinarily, in a motor boat, the first trouble you have is with the motor. Either it back-fires spontaneously and

Its Flywheel Bucked to and fro for a Moment; Whereupon It Laid Down and Died

breaks several of your arms and legs, or, on the other hand, it does nothing—that is, I recall that Binkey cranked it several hours on a stretch without anything occurring anyway, not so you'd notice it; but, apart from this, the first of our troubles with the Irene was when a delivery wagon from the department store tried to deliver the boat at the front door of our flat. Moreover, it might have succeeded if the janitor hadn't ordered that all goods must be sent up on the dumb-waiter. In consequence, it was well on toward afternoon, the first day of our cruise, before the Irene took the water.

"I'll Call It Quits If Only You Two Will Stand up With Me"

We launched her in the Hudson at the foot of West Ninety-sixth Street. It is a spot I can never forget. Binkey chose it on account of its associations. Right alongside was the old United States frigate, Granite State, the large floating Saratoga trunk that is the home of the New York Naval Reserves. I can never forget this, either, inasmuch as a bo'sun's crew of her tarry old bank clerks hung over the rail to offer us encouragement and expert advice. However, between the combined efforts of Binkey and myself, as well as the wagon-driver, his delivery boy and a couple of dockwallopers loafing around the near-by coal wharf, we finally got the Irene off the wagon and into her natural element.

Instantly a cheer from the warship's battered rail rewarded us, each of the barnacled Wall Street heroes vying with his mates. In the midst of this Misch arrived. He was without bag or baggage, omitting the toothbrush in his upper right-hand waistcoat pocket; and, besides, I have my opinion of a man who goes on a two weeks' yachting cruise in a stiff shirt and a derby hat. Moreover, after he had looked at the Irene, Misch leaned up against a spile-butt and breathed hard. "Say, my heart ain't strong," he remarked; "but did you fellows pay real money for that boat or have you been saving up the wrappers?"

By this time Binkey and I were too warm and tired to fling him more than a glance of scorn. After he'd unwrapped the crank from its neat paper covering, Binkey demanded of Misch where he'd been all the time.

"Me? Oh, I've been checking my trunks," Misch answered idly. "After I get through cruising with you ginks," he added carelessly, "I'm going to Niagara Falls."

I don't know which of us was the more bewildered—Binkey or I. "Niagara Falls!" we echoed together.

"Sure. It's a health resort," answered Misch casually. "My grandmother went there when she was married; only I haven't heard of the place since. But, first off," added Misch, "I'm going to drop in on Irene at Whitestone."

You could have knocked me down with a feather. At the same time, though, a great light dawned suddenly in my mind. It explained fully where the mud had come from I had seen on Misch's shoes. All the time we had been preparing to take him on a cruise the ruffian had been taking a dishonest advantage of us.

Before I could speak, however, Binkey broke in bruskly.

"So that's where you've been going, is it?" he remarked threateningly; in fact, for a moment I felt sure he was going to cancel the attempt to shanghai Misch and forthwith order him ashore.

"Sure, it was Whitestone," replied Misch, adding impatiently: "What's more, Bink, if you don't hurry up with that engine I won't get back there this week!"

Binkey picked up the crank. "If you get back this week—or the next one, either," he snapped viciously, "you'll know it!"

Then, grimly, he went to work at the engine.

I think another half-hour or so passed after that during which nothing happened—that is to say, nothing much but Binkey's continuous cranking. Once, if I remember rightly, the Irene also coughed one brief cough, whereat the Granite State's embattled paying tellers raised another sturdy cheer. "If you'd let me suggest," began Misch for the fourth or fifth time—but at this point all of Binkey's repose of manner had left him. "Aw, who's running this engine?" he snapped back viciously.

Misch had the nerve to laugh. "It's a cinch you're not!" he answered insolently; "but you might if you turned on the gasoline."

Personally I detest any one who interferes. I do it myself only when I feel it's necessary. At Misch's remark both Binkey and I gave a conscious start. Rule number one in the printed directions had been explicit about turning on the gasoline. Not only had we forgotten to do so, but, in fact, we had forgotten, further, to put any in the tank. Worst of all, though, I recall the hubbub aboard old Granitesides when I returned with a can from a near-by garage and began to pour it through the funnel. They, in fact, cheered us to the echo; and, but for the fact that both Binkey and I menaced him with a pipe wrench and a spanner, I think Misch might have responded with a public address. At any rate, he seemed to regard the uproar as in the nature of an ovation.

At four-fifteen or thereabouts, however, amid renewed excitement in seafaring financial circles, the Irene coughed again. Then she coughed once more and still again—the motor, in truth, beginning to bark almost as loudly and continuously as a dog in the flat next to yours. "Cast off! Lively now!" roared Binkey, in his roughest deep-sea voice; and such was the excitement of the moment that I must have untied the wrong end of the painter. However, no one but the Granite State's fo'castle sea-clerks noticed we'd gone away from there and left it hanging to the wharf.

I forget now which course we took. I was too much occupied with the steering to notice. However, it was unquestionably northward, as in the vicinage of Spuyten Duyvil we bore east by south through the fairway of the Harlem Ship Canal. Be that as it may, it is not my purpose to dwell upon the scenery. Too much else occurred—and in too little time besides.

Let me say, though, that when we reached the canal tranquillity, so to speak, once more had returned among us—that is, Misch had lapsed into silence and was yawning widely, while, just abaft of him, Binkey sat with one eye on the engine, the other glued firmly to the catalog's list of directions. By now, I'd found I could steer quite well with one hand; so I turned round to watch him.

It was very interesting. As I had memorized the directions, learning each by rote, I was able to identify a number of the engine's parts. For example, when Binkey came to rule number sixteen, which was something or other about the feedpump, I knew intuitively which was the feedpump, as he at once went at it with the oil can. It was likewise easy to tell the cylinder head, Binkey getting his knuckles burned when he tried to tighten up the bolts, as suggested by rule thirty-two. In the midst of this, or just when I was about to learn from rule sixty-one just what a baffle-plate really is, Misch broke in on us. "I say, Bink," he drawled weariedly, "can't you give this hearse just a little more juice?"

Before replying, Binkey turned over the pages to the index and ran his finger down the J's. It must have shown him instantly that Misch didn't know what he was talking about. "Juice!—Aw, what're you driving at?" he retorted. I'd have been pretty cocky myself, too, if I'd been able to run that engine like him.

In reply, Misch got off a lot of jargon about mixtures, carbureters and throttles—whatever he meant by that. Anyway, it was enough to give you the headache. Binkey called him pretty sharply, of course. As he said, he had the safety-valve screwed up as tight as it'd go—and he wasn't going to take any risks for any one, much less for Misch—that is, I believe it was the safety-valve. At any rate, you should have seen Misch's face! "Safety-valve!" Say, you must think you're running a sewing machine!" he exclaimed. Then, remarking that at this rate we'd be growing a full set of cabinet-size whiskers before we got to Whitestone, Misch leaned over and tried to do something to the machinery.

For a moment, I thought Binkey was going to clout him with the wrench. "Don't do that!" exclaimed Binkey. "Do you want to stop her?"

Naturally, once your engine is going, you must never even touch it. All authorities agree in this. Rule number seventy-eight says, in fact—but never mind about that. Just at this point a babel of shouts burst upon us; I was snatched suddenly from the wheel. Moreover, it was just in the nick of time. Almost on top of the Irene was a carfloat, towed by a tug and laden with some of the largest railroad cars I ever remember having seen. However, the Irene managed somehow to claw out from under, though, as I still recall, it was amid a flow of language such as I would not care to repeat in the presence of ladies and children.

It was the rough hand of Misch that had so rudely snatched me from the wheel.

"You may wish to die for your country or dear old Rutgers," he remarked profanely, "but I'm dinged if I do! Not even for dear old C. C. N. Y.," he added, with conviction.

What is worse, when I offered to resume the wheel Misch told me to get back to my dog biscuit. To tell the truth, our recent peril had set the nerves of all on edge.

Yet, what happened afterward was even worse. Somehow, Misch seemed to have grown both savage and overbearing. "Say, you!" he growled, as he turned suddenly to Binkey. "You get away from there till I see what ails that scrapheap." Upon this, when Binkey menaced him with the spanner, he took the spanner away from him. Then he did what he wanted to the engine, and—so help me!—I nearly fainted with astonishment. The wretched little junkheap seemed inspired. With a grunt and a kick it stopped coughing like a man with a wooden leg, and actually began to whir! Forging ahead, the Irene breasted the briny like a thing alive; and —— "Why, Binkey, watch how we're going!" I exclaimed.

You should have seen Binkey when I said it. I refrain from repeating, however, where Binkey told me to go.

Of course, whatever Misch had done to the engine we set down as nothing but a fluke. Personally I'd never have dared to touch it again; but, though the result had been in a measure marvelous, Misch seemed still to be filled with disgust. "My hat!" he snorted acidly. "Whoever landed you two with this milkshake mixer ought to be arrested for cruelty to children."

It was then that Binkey's manhood again asserted itself. "If this boat doesn't suit you," Binkey demanded ironically of him, "why don't you get out and walk?"

(Continued on Page 99)

"You May Wish to Die for Your Country But I'm Dinged if I Do!"

Producing a Play on a Shoestring

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

The Harder He Tried, the Harder the Lion Tore Away at the Tunic

THE first thought in producing a play is: What will it cost? The items are principally the salaries of actors, cost of scenery, properties, costumes, transportation and printing.

Next comes the question of securing the theater. As the business is now conducted, the lessee of the theater often joins the producing manager in the gamble. He takes a percentage of the receipts, with an agreement or guaranty that these must be kept up to a certain figure. Sometimes the producer must give up "first money"—all that comes in at the box office up to a certain sum—after which the percentage arrangement begins. Often the theater must be rented outright, which adds heavily to the producer's risk. Roughly speaking, in this country three-fifths of all the money earned by theaters is paid out to real-estate owners, railroads, newspapers and printers. Only two-fifths is left for the people directly concerned in the business. The great distances to be traveled in the United States and the practice of building theaters on the main streets of the cities, where rentals are high, have increased the cost of running the theater business here far beyond what it is in Europe. Such a state of things makes theater trusts inevitable. If there were general competition it would be a case of "dog eat dog," with no canines left as evidence of the slaughter. The cost of producing most plays is carefully worked out in detail. Plans are made for their long or short life and for their financing. There are, however, plays that are produced when there is no money to back them and no general confidence in their worth, except the optimism of the producer, who has all to gain and nothing to lose. If any of his many ways of getting things "on trust" falls through, or the first week's receipts come far short of the mark, and some "ready-money angel" does not drop from the skies, "the drama of the century" sinks into oblivion. On the other hand, if things come his way and the play wins out, at once he is regarded as an astute manager and judge of plays.

When a producer makes a venture of this kind he is said to be "producing a play on a shoestring." Some of the biggest financial successes of our stage have been put through in this way. I have in mind the career of a musical play put on a number of years ago by one of the most reputable and enterprising firms in New York. This play was called Fifty Miles from Boston. In it were eight girls, whose costumes averaged four dollars each, and eight boys with ten-dollar suits. The scenery cost Messrs. Cohan and Harris practically nothing. The play ran for six months in Chicago and cleared during its career something like a third of a million dollars.

How does the penniless genius of a producer, who is usually glib, enthusiastic and audacious, go about his work? He knows well that every idle actor is looking for a job; that every manager is looking for a play that draws. So he endeavors to convince both the actor and the manager that he has just what they want.

One who has not tried the experiment would hardly believe how easy it is to get a cast of actors who will rehearse and act a play for a single performance, or a week of performances, on the chance of its turning out a winner and giving them a season's work. Having secured the actors' promises of cooperation, your producer next besieges a manager and succeeds in getting the use of a theater for an afternoon performance, with the promise of a week's booking in out-of-town houses if the play looks promising.

And now for the scenery. In all large cities there are lofts where scenery is stored. In such places there is always a lot of stuff forfeited on account of unpaid storage dues. This can be bought very cheap. Often the storehouse man will loan it on the chance of a sale if the play goes, but, if he demands cash down and is inexorable, it is almost always possible to borrow scenery from other theaters. I took part in a fake production in Los Angeles, where all the scenery and properties—two elaborate, costly interiors, with pictures, furniture, rugs and bric-à-brac—were collected free of charge from two stock theaters in the town. The newspapers will always comment on anything new that is about to be tried out, and the necessary printing is limited to the programs and a few "fliers," as the extra sheets scattered about are called.

Why Actors Take Long Chances

THE play, produced without capital, comes off; the audience—mostly invited—is pleased; the critics praise it and predict a long run. Now the theater manager, who has risked nothing but the cost of his electric lights for one performance, feels justified in taking a financial interest in the piece. Thus the play has got its start.

This is the extremest case of shoestring production. This class of production varies all along the line, from plays that cost little or nothing beforehand to those that have invested in them about half as much money as is needed to make a proper production. Two cases of "shoestring" dramas that have made fortunes in the last five years come instantly to mind. The first one had been refused by every big manager in New York. At last one manager, hard up for attractions at his theater, consented to an afternoon performance. The initial tryout cost seventy-five dollars, it is said. Although none of the actors taking part in it felt any confidence in the play, the manager of the theater decided to try it in a few towns and in a large city outside of New York. It hung fire and seemed doomed, but the manager had the nerve to risk it in New York. It ran two years to capacity business; and is still, after five years of life, a moneymaker.

Another great New York success that is only in the second year of its life was literally thrown on for an "off" afternoon production, with "faked-up" scenery, and was rehearsed and played for nothing as a favor by the actors associated with the leading man in a regular attraction at a Western theater. It scored an instant and overwhelming hit. With such instances to its credit, it is small wonder that the lure of shoestring production of plays haunts the impecunious mind.

Even when a production of this haphazard kind does not result in immediate financial gain to the actors, they frequently win substantial reputation in this way because they get fine parts to play that otherwise might not come their way for years—if ever. Arnold Daly rose to prominence by an afternoon presentation of Bernard Shaw's Candida, in which the actors—who had been playing with him in a failure—took part on some sort of sharing terms. Every actor in that small cast made a personal impression that stimulated his professional reputation. The long list of stage reputations made in shoestring productions explains why actors are willing to chance them.

It's all very well for plays requiring small casts and little scenery to be put on in this way; but the question naturally arises, can a more elaborate production, requiring a large cast of competent artists and supernumeraries, be made with little or no money?

Yes, it can be done.

I know the inner facts of a shoestring production of this sort made at a leading New York theater for one week. A cast of twenty-two actors was employed. The dressing was expensive and up to date. There was a great mob scene in the play, requiring over a hundred and fifty people on the stage. The only scenery paid for was a Nelson Monument and a little daub of a back drop, which was supposed vaguely to suggest Trafalgar Square, London. Eighty "supers" were paid a week's salary. The rest of the people were actors—many of them good. All rehearsed and played on an agreement that they were to be paid if the money came in at the box office. It was the best mob scene I ever saw on the stage. The production was as good as the one in London, where the play had a four months' run. If anybody had backed it with a thousand dollars it might have won out; but the manager of the theater, who was sharing the receipts, got "cold feet" the third day. The actors got wind of the fact that he wanted "first money" after one week—and a really good thing

He Was Supposed to Enter With Dignity and Ease

Every Idle Actor is Looking for a Job

was spoiled by a senseless panic. The man who had the persuasive power to get all those people to give their labor and time for nothing, and could compass a heavy production on a few hundred dollars, could not dominate the situation at a critical moment. Many far less promising plays, backed by capital, are propped up and boosted into long runs in New York to give them a fictitious value on the road.

Surely producing a play for nothing—or next to nothing—is a most valuable experience. It develops every particle of resourcefulness in one—at least, it did in my own case. I was stage manager at the Lyceum stock company theater, in Baltimore. The manager's idea was to give a few Shaksperean plays every season, and I suggested that we play A Midsummer Night's Dream. To be effective, this play must be well done as to acting and scenery. As it required an elaborate production, Mr. Fawcett thought it would be too expensive. I, however, agreed to produce it with the material at hand. I did not know how many difficulties lay in my way until I had actually begun work, but I determined to surmount them. A very beautiful production of the play had been made in the same theater by the Albaugh stock company, which had afterward been taken over the whole country. It seemed desperate to attempt, with the resources at hand, to compare with this in any way; but I had made up my mind.

The entrance of Theseus and Hippolita, betrothed, I planned to make fairly elaborate. I decided to use a lot of Greek flower girls in a procession preceding the couple; but when I asked for the money for the flowers I was told that I couldn't have it. So I went to the different members of the cast—the women—and asked them if they would help make the flowers, providing I got the paper. They seized on the idea with great enthusiasm, and it was a pretty thing to see them, during rehearsals, eagerly cutting out and putting together roses of all hues and sizes. They became so interested that there was danger of their neglecting the important work of the play. With very little expense, therefore, I was able to beautify the Greek costumes of the maidens in the bridal train. Besides this we had twelve arches of flowers, through which the pair marched to the throne, flower girls strewing roses in their path.

Puck's Flight

THE idea then occurred to me to introduce some Greek dancing; but this meant that I must have some dancers, and, as there were none at hand and I could go to no expense, I decided to take some of the women and "fake up" an Amazon dance—a very easy thing to do. The girls taking part in it were not dancers at all. But with the aid of helmets, shields and swords a local dancing master arranged an effective dance which proved very popular with the public.

When it came to the scenes in the enchanted wood the difficulties increased. I chanced to have in the company a young man who was playing a very small part—no other than Hale Hamilton, now so successful in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Hamilton told me that he'd been in a big production of A Midsummer Night's Dream with Mr. Louis James and Miss Kathryn Kidder. I told him what effects I wanted and he volunteered to help me out. It was a very excited and doubtful set of stageworkers that we called on to plan for banks of turf that would become transparent, showing the spirits of the wood sleeping within them when summoned by the fairy queen. From the old, ordinary banks which had for years been used for woods representations we made them cut out the part exposed to the audience, tack wire over this space and paint it to represent moss and earth. We then got them to make a curtain that could be adjusted and dropped, hang the interior of the aperture with small electric bulbs and prepare for the fairy transformations. One thing I felt most anxious to elaborate on was the first appearance of Puck. There were only one or two traps in the theater, and these were not placed so that they could be made available. The management positively refused to allow any traps to be cut in the stage for a week's performance. I puzzled my brain over this and had many a conference with the manager. Finally he came to me with a glowing face and said he had devised the very scheme. There was a tall, heavy stump of a tree, and in it the carpenter planned to build a dumbwaiter to be operated by ropes extending to the wings. By putting Puck on this shelf before the opening of the scene, it was arranged that at the given moment the elf should appear in a mysterious way as if he'd been brought there through some impossible medium.

It was wonderful to see what a good stage effect we got from this very crude arrangement. There was the wood; the fairy wandering about looking for Oberon among the shadows; the strong, flooding moonlight from the left proscenium entrance—and suddenly at the top of this jagged stump appeared the little, strange, good-fellow Puck, with his pointed ears and mysterious face, squatting in the moonlight. The effect upon the audience was as weird and surprising as possible. The feat of getting Puck off the stage, swirling through space, at the end of the line, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," was achieved by means of a suspended wire attached to a hook at his back and worked from the flies.

The lighting arrangements of the Lyceum were not up to date in any way. When I began to consider lighting effects I found that there was not power enough to do the many things that I had planned. The management would not increase the supply; and this time I had conferences with the electric-light man. I pointed out what great credit would come to him if he could devise a way to carry out the plans that Mr. Hamilton had worked out so cleverly. He entered into the spirit of the thing, made tables, and arranged to carry his light to other centers upon the stage, which he could manipulate from the switchboard. By this arrangement and an elaborate network of wires stretching across the top of the stage, from which our friend strung the smallest size of electric bulb, I was able during the dance of the fairies in the black night in the enchanted wood, where nothing was visible but their forms clothed in gossamer, to have glowworms dancing in and out of the scene. On each side of the stage was a table attended by a man who, during this scene, alternately put on and shut off the current in the bulbs, giving a perfect illusion of glowworms.

When the fairy queen, enthroned upon a bank, summoned Mustardseed, my bank became suddenly transparent; and there, reposing on the grassy bed, apparently inside of the bank itself, was the sleeping figure of that little sprite.

The Manager Had the Nerve to Risk It in New York

The Mendelssohn music of this play is very beautiful and consists of solos and choruses. I had no singers and no choruses, and the orchestra was not large enough to give the concerted music. And now I began to confer with the leader of the orchestra. I suggested that the solos should be played by a violin and a flute in such a way as to suggest the human voice. He arranged his music to do this effectively. The choruses I introduced during the dances or movements of the woods people, the queen and her fairies, and Oberon and his followers.

During the week of the play the visiting actors in Baltimore came to a matinée and were greatly surprised at its beauty and effectiveness. Mr. John Mason and Mr. Nat Goodwin came behind after the performance and asked me what the whole thing had cost and whether it was worth while for a week's run. When I told them that it was a question of a few bunches of crêpe paper and a few yards of wire they were simply amazed. The production was such a success that it ran for three weeks—an unprecedented thing in that theater.

A very funny thing happened during the run of the play. The part of the lion was taken by a young man who had some fame as a local pugilist. He was very big and strong, but nearsighted, and was unable to do anything without his glasses on. And, as he could not wear these when he was inclosed in the lion's head, he had to depend entirely on the sense of feeling. When Thisbe comes in to keep her appointment with Pyramus, she meets the lion, who tears the scarf from her. This scarf is found by Pyramus upon the stage and he thinks that Thisbe has been slain by the lion. The man who played the part of Thisbe had on only a light green tunic over a set of full fleshings. The pugilist inside the lion's head, not being able to see the scarf, reached out, grabbed the end of the tunic and began to pull on it. The frightened actor attempted to get off the stage; but the harder he tried the harder the lion tore away at the tunic. The result was that the astonished spectators in front and the mimic audience on the stage were horrified to see the entire tunic left in the mouth of the lion, while the poor actor, apparently nude, rushed madly off the stage.

Too Literal

THERE also occurred an incident that shows the literalness with which youthful actors take things. A young actor in the company was very much interested in his makeup. As is usual with beginners, he was given an old man's part to play, because it was so small. On the night of the dress rehearsal he appeared on the stage looking like a shrouded corpse that had risen from the grave. There was a sort of ghastly white upon his face, and his eyes were sunken and lined heavily. The actor who was playing with him was struck so dumb that he could not articulate a word.

"What is the meaning of this makeup?" I demanded from the auditorium.

"Why," said he, much dashed at not being praised for his makeup, "doesn't he call me a 'whited sepulcher'?"

My experiences while staging A Midsummer Night's Dream taught me things that I had long suspected and now know to be true: namely, that one of the great secrets of efficiency in stage representation is to think of effects and work for them as inexpensively as possible; and that a still more important one is to enlist the enthusiasm and sympathy of everybody connected with the theater. When this plan is followed strange suggestions and invaluable help of all kinds come to the person who is directing the production of a play. Some of the greatest stage directors have the faculty of getting, from young and enthusiastic people connected with the theater, fresh and original ideas. Many of the great geniuses of the dramatic profession of today could tell, if they would, very

(Concluded on Page 40)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

I AM free to confess that the ease with which Counselor Gottlieb had deprived my friend Toby of the ill-gotten proceeds of his check—or, for his sake putting it more politely, had earned his fee—was the chief and inducing cause that led me to adopt the law as a career. I shall not pretend that I had any lofty aims or ambitions, felt any regard for its dignity or fascination for the mysteries of its science when I selected it for my profession. My objects were practical—my ambition to get the largest financial return consonant with the least amount of work. My one concrete experience of the law had opened my eyes to its possibilities in a way that I had never dreamed of, and I resolved to lose no time in placing myself in a position to rescue others from harm on the same pecuniary basis as did Mr. Gottlieb.

Of course I realized that I must serve an apprenticeship, and indeed the law required that were I not a graduate of a law school I must have worked as a clerk for two years before I could be admitted to the bar. Accordingly I began to make inquiries as to what were the best law firms in the city, and before long had acquired pretty definite information as to who were and who were not in high standing. Now I had no letters of introduction and nothing to recommend me except a certain degree of maturity and a cultivated manner of speaking, and I might and probably should have been trying to this day to break into some sedate and high-toned old fogy office had it not been for one of those accidents with which my career has been replete.

I had visited all the firms on my list without finding any that wanted to take in a student. Indeed, all the offices seemed filled if not crowded with studious-looking young men whose noses were buried in law books. In one or two, to be sure, I might have secured admittance and been given desk room in exchange for the services of my legs as a runner of errands and a server of papers, but none had any idea of paying anything. The profession at the bottom was more overcrowded than the gallery of the Academy of Music when they ran Rosedale. Each night as I returned to my lodgings I felt more and more discouraged. Its smell of cabbage came to have for me an inexpressible sensation of relief, of protection, even of luxury. Here at any rate, even in an actors' boarding house, I was as good as anybody, and not regarded as if I were a beggar on the one hand or a questionable character on the other.

How long this might have continued I have no means of knowing, but one afternoon as I was trudging uptown, still holding in my hand a copy of a legal journal, the advertisements in which I had been engaged in sedulously running down, my attention was attracted by a crowd gathered in the street around a young man who had been so unfortunate as to be run over by a stage. There was nothing external to indicate the extent of his injuries, and as I drew nearer two persons assisted him to his feet and began to lead him toward the nearest store. Having nothing better to do I walked along with them and after they had gone inside remained looking curiously through the window. While I was thus engaged a stout, bustling man of about forty years of age came hurrying down the sidewalk and turned to enter the store. As he did so he observed me apparently waiting there, and his eye with a quick glance took in the title of the paper in my hand. Instantly he stepped up beside me and tapping me on the arm said in a low tone:

"Whom do you represent?"

I was somewhat taken aback by this inquiry, not seeing at the moment its immediate relation to the business in hand; but for want of a better answer I replied in much the same spirit:

"Quibble."

"Oh, Quibble, eh! I've heard of him. But look here, my young friend, there is no reason why honest men should cut one another's throats. Tell my friend Quibble I was here before ye, and keep this for yourself."

And with that he peeled a twenty-dollar bill from the top of a heavy roll that he produced from his pocket and placed it within my palm.

"Very good," said I. "It will cost me dear if Quibble hears of it; but a man must live and I work at starvation wages."

I placed the bill in my breast pocket and made way for him to enter the store, which he did without more ado. Why this busy gentleman should gratuitously present me with twenty dollars did not at the moment occur to me. I continued on my way northward, pondering upon the question, and passed the street upon which the police court was located and Counselor Gottlieb had his office. The thought came into my mind that here was the very person to shed light upon the subject and I turned the corner and opened the door. Gottlieb was in his customary position with his feet elevated upon the table before him.

"Well," he said, "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"I've come for free advice this time," I answered, smiling.

"Oh!" he grunted. "Well, in that case perhaps you won't get it."

Somehow I had taken a shine to the fellow, for all his robbery of poor Toby, and I admired his quickness of perception. Perhaps he, too, felt not unkindly toward me. At any rate I told him my story.

"Now," says I, "what d'ye make of it?"

Gottlieb laughed.

"Whom Do You Represent?"

"Was he a fat little turkey with gray eyes?" he inquired.

"The same," I replied.

"Then it was Tom Kelly," he answered. "On his daily still hunt for the maimed, the halt and the blind. You say the chap had been run over by the stage? Well, Tom'll take his case on a contingent fee—fifty per cent to Tom and fifty per cent to the client of all that comes of it—bring an action against the stage line and recover heavy damages. Oh, it's terrible to think what that poor injured young man will suffer! Today he may feel quite well, but tomorrow he will have all kinds of pains in his head and eyes, his spine will ache, he will experience symptoms of a nervous breakdown. He will retire to bed and not emerge for six months, and when he does he'll be a hopeless and helpless cripple for life. Tom is an artist, he is, in his own line. They tell me he made sixty thousand last year out of his accident practice alone. Why, the case he gave you twenty to keep out of may net him five thousand'"

"If I'd known that it would have cost him fifty!" I said, feeling that an unjust advantage had been taken of me.

"Twenty is the regular rate," answered Gottlieb. "There are too many chances to make it worth much more merely to get the other fellow out of the way. Sometimes, though, I've paid as high as fifteen hundred for a case."

"Fifteen hundred!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, and got a verdict of nineteen thousand, of which I pocketed ninety-five hundred and four hundred dollars costs besides."

"Whew!" I whistled.

"Oh, there's pretty good pickin's on occasion even for a police-court lawyer," he continued; "but it's nothin' to the return from what I might call legitimate practice. Now there's old Haight, of Haight & Foster, for instance. He gets half a dozen twenty-thousand-dollar fees every year, and all he has is a strictly old-fashioned probate and real estate practice and a little of this newfangled railroad business. My great regret is that I didn't stick to regular trade instead of going after easy money. Who's Gottlieb now? Just a police-court lawyer, when he might be arguing before the Supreme Court of the United States! My brain's just as good as Haight's. I've licked him many a time in my young days. And then I get tired of all this hogwash! I tell you it's dirty business, most of it!"

"Well," I answered, remembering "*scienter*," "I've no doubt that you could beat them all. But I fancy you have nothing to complain of in the way of returns, yourself. What worries me is how to get any start at all. I've tried half the law offices in town."

Gottlieb listened with some interest as I outlined my experiences.

"But," he exclaimed, "you didn't go to the right person. You should have tackled the head of the firm himself. Find some sort of an introduction. Flatter him. Offer to work for nothing—and trust me, he'll have you. Now my advice is to go straight to old Haight and make up your

Many a Client Was Attracted to My Office by His Refined and Intellectual Old Face

mind to get into his office, wally-rull. It'll be worth three thousand a year to you to graduate from there. It'll give you the tone you need in the profession. There are two qualities that make for the highest success in the law honesty and dishonesty. To get ahead you must have one or the other. You must either be so irreproachable in your conduct and elevated in your ideals that your reputation for virtue becomes your chief asset, or on the other hand so crooked that your very dishonesty makes you invaluable to your clients. Both kinds of lawyers are equally in demand. Some cases require respectability and some dirty work. But the crooked lawyer has got to be so crooked that everybody is afraid of him, even the judge. Now the trouble with me is that I'm too honest. Sometimes I wish I were a crook like the rest of them'"

He sighed deeply and slowly drew down his left eyelid.

"Thank you, Mr. Gottlieb," said I, suppressing an inclination to smile, "I'll take your advice. Perhaps you'll let me talk to you again later on"

"Come as often as you like," he replied. "And look you, young-feller-me-lad, I'll give you half of all the profits I make out of any business you bring me. You don't have to be a lawyer to get clients. Hustle around among your friends and drum up some trade and you'll do almost as well as if you could try cases yourself. For every dollar I earn, you get another. Is it a go?"

"Surely!" I cried. "And if I'm not very much mistaken I'll not be long about it, for I have an idea already."

The next day I again presented myself at the office of Haight & Foster where I had already applied for a position to the chief clerk. This time I asked for the head of the firm himself, and I was amused to see that, whereas before I had been almost kicked out of the office, I was now treated with the respect due to a possible client. After a wait of some twenty minutes I was ushered into a large sunny office lined with books and overlooking the lower East River. Mr. Haight was a wrinkled old man with a bald scalp covered with numerous brown patches about the size of ten-cent pieces. A fringe of white hair hung about his ears, over one of which was stuck a goose-quill pen. He looked up from his desk as I entered and eyed me sharply.

"Well, Mr. Quibble," he began gruffly as if he were about to add, "Out with what you have to say, young man, and begone as soon as possible!"

"Mr. Haight," said I, with great deference, "I have called on you at the suggestion of my guardian and trustee, Mr. Tuckerman Toddleham, of Barristers' Hall, Boston, to inquire whether I may not be allowed the great privilege of a desk in your office. I am a Harvard man, born in Salem, and of an old Massachusetts family. Ever since I made up my mind as a boy to enter the law it has been my ambition to study in your office; and, I may add, it is also the earnest hope of my guardian, Mr. Toddleham."

"Do you refer to the Mr. Toddleham of 'Toddleham on Perpetuities'?" he asked with some interest.

"The same," I answered, for although I had never heard of the work in question it seemed just the sort for old Toddleham's production.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Quibble," he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I have often wished that I could meet your guardian and ask the great Mr. Toddleham face to face what he really thinks of the Rule in Shelley's Case—what do you think of it! What *was* the Rule in Shelley's Case, may I ask?"

Now I had never heard of the rule in question, so for want of a better answer I replied:

"The law is no respecter of persons I suppose the rule was *the same in his case as in any other.*"

Mr. Haight looked at me strangely for a moment and suddenly began to chuckle. Then he eyed me again and chuckled still more. Finally he laid aside all modesty and hugged himself with delight.

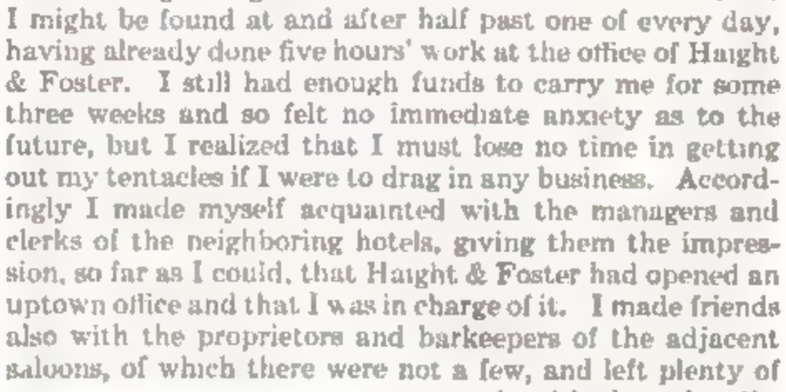
"I see that you are a man of *esprit!*" he remarked between spasms. "I shall be glad to take you into my office. You may go and introduce yourself to Mr. Spruggins, the chief clerk."

Thus it was that I secured my first slender foothold at the bar of New York; and it was not for several years that I discovered that the Toddleham who had written the book on Perpetuities was an entirely different person, belonging to another branch of the family.

Of course I received no compensation for my services at Haight & Foster's, but that was the customary rule with all students. As a result we were not strictly tied down in our attendance at the office. I really believe it would have been cheaper for the firm to have paid a small salary to their clerks, for it would then have been in a position to demand much more of them in return. As it was I found myself able to come and go about as I chose, and being obliged to support myself in some way my attendance at the office was quite irregular. But I was started at last and belonged somewhere. No longer was it necessary for me to wander about the streets looking for a place to hang my hat, and I already had schemes in mind whereby I was soon to become rich.

My associates in the office were all scholarly, respectable young men, most of them law-school graduates and scions of well-known families, and I was not insensible to the advantage to me that my connection with them might be later on. It was essential that I should impress them and the firm with my seriousness of purpose, and so I made it a point, unpleasant as I found it, to be on hand at the office every morning promptly at eight-thirty o'clock, ready to arrange papers or serve them, and to be of any assistance no matter how menial to Mr. Spruggins, whose sense of dignity I took pains to flatter in every way possible. In the afternoon, however, I slipped away on the pretext of having to go uptown to study, but in point of fact in order to earn enough money to pay for my board and lodging.

I had been cogitating several ideas since I had visited Gottlieb, and the one that appealed to me the most was that of procuring business for other lawyers upon a percentage basis. I reasoned that there must be several hundred thousand people in the city who had no acquaintance with lawyers and would be as ready to consult one as another. Reputable lawyers did not advertise, to be sure, but I was not yet a lawyer, and hence many courses were open to me at this stage in my career that would be closed later on. I had considerable confidence in my own persuasive ability and felt that it was only a question of time before I could drum up a substantial amount of business. Accordingly I had a few cards neatly printed on glossed board reading:

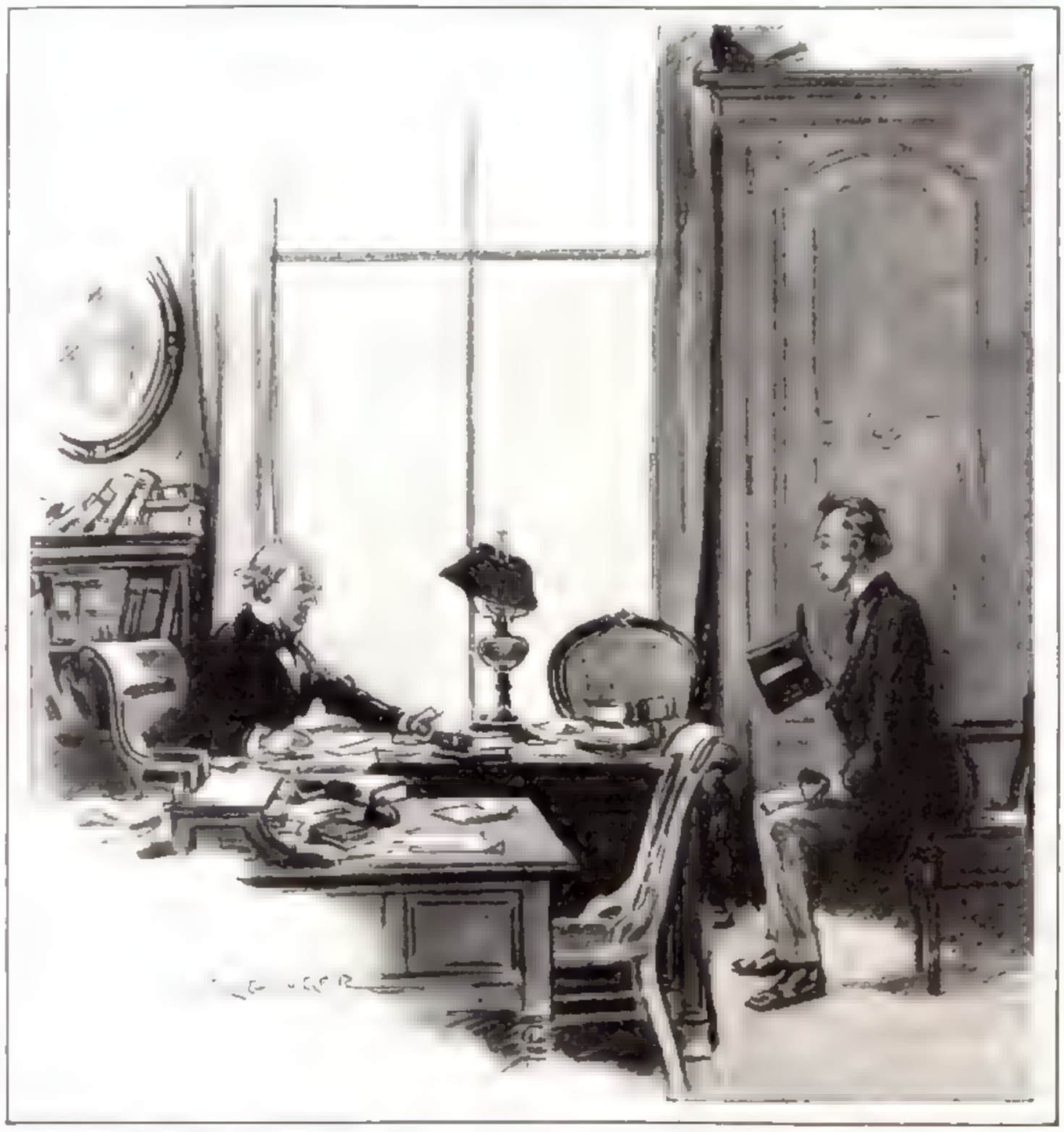


The Haight & Foster end of the card was done in very heavy type, while my own name was comparatively inconspicuous. Further to assist my plans I rented a tiny office not far from Madison Square for the sum of two dollars a week, and furnished it with a table, two chairs and an ink pot. The door bore the inscription:

The reader will observe that not being authorized as yet to practice as an attorney I was scrupulous not to hold myself out as one. "Counselor" might mean anything. Certainly I had the right to give counsel to such as desired it. Here I might be found at and after half past one of every day, having already done five hours' work at the office of Haight & Foster. I still had enough funds to carry me for some three weeks and so felt no immediate anxiety as to the future, but I realized that I must lose no time in getting out my tentacles if I were to drag in any business. Accordingly I made myself acquainted with the managers and clerks of the neighboring hotels, giving them the impression, so far as I could, that Haight & Foster had opened an uptown office and that I was in charge of it. I made friends also with the proprietors and barkeepers of the adjacent saloons, of which there were not a few, and left plenty of my cards with them for distribution to such of their customers as might need legal assistance, in each case promising that any business which they secured would be liberally rewarded. In short I made myself generally known in the locality and planted the seed of cupidity in the hearts of hundreds of persons. It was necessary for me to net ten dollars a week to live, and it seemed reasonable to believe that I could do so.

Almost at the outset I had a piece of luck, for a guest at a Fifth Avenue hotel was suddenly stricken with a severe illness and desired to make a will. It was but a few days after I had called upon the manager and, having me fresh in his mind, he sent for me. The sick man proved to be a wealthy Californian who was too far gone to care who drew his will so long as it was drawn at all, and I jotted down his bequests and desires by his bedside. I had originally intended to go at once to Mr. Haight and turn the matter over to him, but my client seemed so ill that it appeared hardly necessary. I persuaded myself with the argument that the affair required a more immediate attention than the office could give, and accordingly decided to draw the will myself and incidentally to earn the whole fee. The proceeding seemed honest enough, since, although I had been introduced as representing Haight & Foster, the sick man had never heard of them before and obviously did not care one way or the other.

I had never drawn a will or any other legal paper, but I



"I See That You are a Man of Esprit! I Shall be Glad to Take You Into My Office"

lost no time in slipping around to Gottlieb's office and borrowing a work on Surrogate's practice, including forms, with which under my arm I hurried back to my office. Here after a good many unsuccessful attempts I produced a document sufficiently technical to satisfy almost any layman and probably calculated to defeat every wish of the testator. Of this, however, I was quite ignorant, and do myself the justice to say that, had not that been the case, I would not have attempted what I now know to have been an impossible task for one of my lack of legal education. I carefully engrossed the will in long hand on fresh foolscap, ornamented it with seals and ribbons and, returning to the hotel, superintended its execution. My client asked me how much was my fee and I modestly replied -as I never expected to see him again this side of the grave—that my charge would be one hundred and fifty dollars. He nodded, and indicating his pocket-book told me to help myself, which I did, regretting not having asked for more. That night he died, and my impromptu will was forwarded to California and became the subject of a litigation lasting over eleven years and costing several hundred thousand dollars.

Returning to the Hotel, I Superintended its Execution

It thus happened that my eagerness to begin to build up my material fortunes, coupled with the necessity of having a technical connection with a regular firm of lawyers, resulted in my leading a sort of double legal existence. In the morning I was a mere drudge or office devil—in the afternoon I was Counselor Quibble, head of my own office and my own master. Having now a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars I was in a position to put one of my schemes into practice, and accordingly I drew up with great care the following instrument, copies of which I had struck off by a theatrical job printer near by:

This Agreement made this day of 18—, between , of the City and County of New York, party of the first part, and Artemas Quibble, Esquire, of the same, party of the second part, WITNESSETH:

That the said party of the first part in consideration of one dollar to him in hand paid upon the first day of each month by the party of the second part, hereby covenants and agrees to employ at a reduced rate the said party of the second part to look after all legal matters that may arise in his business and to recommend said party of the second part to his friends and acquaintances as a suitable person to

(Continued on Page 36)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XV

CLEMENTINA sat in the vestibule and fanned herself with the telegram. It was from Marseilles and had been telegraphed on to her from London. It ran:

Doctors say I am dying. Come at once here—Hotel Louvre. Matter of life and death. Am wiring Quixtus also. For Heaven's sake, both come.

WILL HAMMERSLEY.

It was a shock. Hammersley's letter of a few weeks ago had prepared her for his indefinite advent; but the thought of death had not come to her. Will Hammersley was dying, apparently alone, in a hotel at Marseilles; dying, too, in an atmosphere of mystery, for he must see her and Quixtus too before he died. The message was urgent, the appeal imperative.

"Oh, Clementina, I hope it's not bad news!" cried Etta.

Clementina handed the telegram to Tommy.

"It's from the sick man of Shanghai who pined for the English lanes."

"Poor chap!" said Tommy, very gently. "Poor chap! I remember him well. A fine, upstanding fellow—one of the best. Once he gave me a cricket bat." The artist in him shivered. "It's awful to think of a man like that dying. What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?"

"Take the night train to Marseilles," replied Tommy.

"Then why did you ask?" said Clementina.

"But what shall we do?" cried Etta.

"Oh, you and Tommy can stay here till I come back."

Etta gasped and blushed crimson. "That would be very nice; but—but—I don't think dad would quite like it."

"Oh, of course!" cried Clementina. "I was forgetting these confounded conventions. They do complicate life so. And I suppose I can't send you away with Tommy in the motor either. And, now I come to think of it, I can't go away tonight and leave you two to travel together to London tomorrow. What on earth are women put in the world for—especially young ones? They're more worry than they're worth. And if I left Tommy here and took you with me to Marseilles you'd be as handy to travel with, in the circumstances, as a wedding cake. I don't know what to do with you."

Etta suggested that the Jacksons—the friends whom she had visited the previous day—might take her in until Clementina came back. Indeed, they had invited her to stay with them.

"Go and telephone them at once," said Clementina.

"You'll have Uncle Ephraim as a traveling companion," Tommy remarked as Etta was leaving them.

Clementina rubbed a distracted brow, not to the well-being of her front hair.

"Lord save us! He'll be worse than Etta."

"Poor dear Clementina!" he said, and turned away to administer help and counsel to his beloved in the complicated matter of the telephone.

Suddenly Clementina started to her feet. Perhaps Quixtus' telegram had not been forwarded as hers had been. In this contingency it was her duty to let him know the unhappy news; and she must let him know at once. An ordinary woman would have sent Tommy round with the telegram; but Clementina, accustomed all her life long to act for herself, gave no thought to this possibility. She bolted out of the door of the hotel and made her way back to the tearoom.

The crowd had thinned, but Quixtus and his friends still lingered. Mrs. Fontaine, her elbows on the table, leaning her cheek against her daintily gloved hands, was engaged in earnest talk with Quixtus to the exclusion of the other pair. Lady Louisa Malling was eating pastry and drinking chocolate with an air of great enjoyment, while Huckaby, hands in pockets, leaned back in his seat, a very bored Mephistopheles. He had exhausted his Martha's conversation long ago and he was weary of the eternal companionship. Why should not Faust have a turn at Martha now and again? Decidedly it was an unfair world. To add also to his present discomfort, the confused frame of mind in which he had originally introduced his patron to Mrs. Fontaine had gradually become more tangled. Clean living had grown more to his taste; abstinence from whisky much more simple to accomplish than his most remorseful dreams of reform had ever conceived. And that morning a letter from Billiter had filled him with disgust. Billiter upbraided him for silence, wanted to know what was going on, hinted that a dividend ought to be due by this time and expressed, none too delicately, a suspicion of his partner's business integrity. The cheap tavern-supplied notepaper offended against the nicety of Huckaby's refined surroundings. The gross vulgarity of Billiter himself revolted him. A week had passed and Mrs. Fontaine had shown no signs of having accomplished her ends. He had not dared to question her. He had begun, too, to loathe his part in the sordid plot. But that morning he had summoned up courage enough to say to Mrs. Fontaine:

"I've just had a letter from Billiter."

Whereupon her pale cheeks had flushed red and her alluring eyes had gleamed dangerously.

"I wish that I had never seen that brute in all my life!"

And he had said: "I wish that I had never done so either!"

She had looked at him full, searchingly, inscrutably for a long moment and, saying nothing, had turned away. What was to be the outcome of it all? Huckaby was perplexed. The week had passed pleasantly. Even his enforced and sardonic attendance on Martha had not been able to spoil the charm of the new life, bastard though it was. Mrs. Fontaine had continued not to let her friends in Paris know of her presence in the city, and the week had been a history of peaceful jaunts -to Chantilly, Fontainebleau, Sèvres—where Monsieur Sardanel had spread before their ravished eyes his collection of Mexican rattles and masks and obsidian-edged swords; to "Robinson," on the island in the Seine, where they had lunched in the tree restaurant—in a word, to all sorts of sweet summer places where the trees were green and the world was bathed in sunshine and innocence. The week had evidently passed pleasantly for Quixtus, who had given no intimation of the date of his return to London. He was lotus-eating; obviously, too, under the charm of the sorceress—wax in her hands. Of his fiendish purpose Huckaby still had no suspicion. As far as Huckaby could see, Mrs. Fontaine had made an easy conquest of his patron; and why she had up to now forborne to carry out the essential part of the plot he could not understand. Perhaps she loathed the idea as much as he did. Her outburst against Billiter gave weight to the theory. It was all very complicated. And here were these two engaged in a deep and semi-sentimental conversation while Lady Louisa stuffed herself with chocolate and he, Huckaby, was bored to death. What was going to happen?

The thing that did happen was Clementina's inrush. She marched straight up to the table and, disregarding startled eyes, thrust the telegram into Quixtus' hand.

"Read that. You may find one like it at your hotel or you may not. I thought it right to bring it."

Mrs. Fontaine kept her elbows on the table and regarded Clementina with well-bred insolence. Lady Louisa finished her chocolate. Quixtus read the telegram; his face grew a shade paler and his fingers trembled a little. Huckaby arose and, drawing a chair from another table, offered it to Clementina. She waved it away with a curt acknowledgment. Quixtus looked up at her.

"This is terrible!—Will Hammersley dying ——"

He made an attempt to rise, but Clementina put her hand on his shoulder. "Don't get up. I'm going."

A sudden hardening change came over Quixtus' features.

"Stay," said he. "It was very kind of you to bring this, but I'm afraid it has nothing to do with me."

"Nothing to do with you?" She regarded him in amazement. "Your lifelong friend is dying and implores you to come to him—and you say it's nothing to do with you!"

"He was a villain!" said Quixtus with quivering lips.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Clementina indignantly.

Had the man gone absolutely crazy after all?

"I am saying what I know," he returned darkly. "He was no friend to me."

"And he wants you to go to his death-bed?" asked Mrs. Fontaine, taking her elbows off the table. "How very painful!"

"You had better put such lunatic ideas out of your head and take the night train to Marseilles," said Clementina roughly.

Quixtus bit his knuckles and stared at the litter of tea in front of him. The orchestra, for their last number, played a common little jiggety air.

"Are you coming?" asked Clementina.

"Why should Doctor Quixtus," said Mrs. Fontaine, "travel all the way to Marseilles to witness the death of a man whom he dislikes? I think it's unreasonable to ask it."

"Yes, yes," said Quixtus. "It's unreasonable."

"And it would break up our pleasant little party," pleaded Lady Louisa.

"Confound your party!" exclaimed Clementina—whereat Lady Louisa withered up in astonishment. "I'm telling him to perform an act of humanity."

"He was my enemy," said Quixtus in a low voice.

"And so you can hardly ask him to go and gloat over his death," said Lady Louisa stupidly.

"Eh? What's that?" cried Quixtus, straightening himself up.

"We're dealing with Christian gentlemen and not devils," Clementina retorted.

"No, not devils—oh, certainly not devils!" said Quixtus, with a chuckling catch in his voice.

Clementina plucked him by the sleeve.

"I can't stand here all the afternoon arguing with you. Even if you have got it into your head that the man offended you, you did care for him once; and it's only common charity to go to him now that he's at the point of death. Are you going or not?"

Quixtus looked helplessly from one woman to the other.

"There's such a thing as straining Quixotism too far, my dear Doctor Quixtus," said Mrs. Fontaine. "I see no reason why you should go."

"I'm a decent woman and I see every reason," said Clementina, infuriated at the other's intervention. "I'll see that he goes. I'll get tickets now and come round to the Continental in a taxi and fetch you."

Quixtus rose and extended his hand to Clementina.

"I shall go. I promise you," he said with all his courtliness of manner. "And I shall not trouble you to get my ticket or call for me. *Au revoir.*"

He accompanied her to the door. On parting he said with a smile:

"I have my reasons for going—reasons that no one but myself can understand."

And when he returned to Mrs. Fontaine, who was biting her lips with annoyance at Clementina's apparent victory, he repeated the words with the same smile and the curious gleam of cunning that sometimes marred the blandness of his eyes. He had his reasons.

"After all," said the lady, during their Faust and Marguerite walk to the hotel entrance in the Rue Castiglione, "I can't blame you. It's an errand of mercy. Doubtless he wishes to absolve his conscience from the wrong—whatever it was—that he did you. Your *pétroleuse* friend was right. It is a noble action."

"I have my reasons," said Quixtus.

"We have become such friends," she said after a little pause—"at least I hope so—that I shall miss you very much. I have very few friends," she added with a sigh.

"If I am one I esteem it a great honor," said Quixtus.

"I wonder whether you'll care to see me when you get back to Paris?"

"Will you still be here?"

"If you promise to stay a little while and finish up our holiday."

He met her upturned, alluring eyes. For all his visionary malignancy, he was a man—and a man who never before had been in the hands of the seductress; an unaccustomed thrill ran through him, causing him to catch his breath.

"I promise," said Quixtus huskily, "to stay here as long as it is your good pleasure."

"Then you do care to see me?"

"You ought to know," said he.

"What signs have you given me?"

"Signs that every woman must read."

She laughed. "Every man to his method. I like yours. It's neither Cinquecento, nor Louis XV, nor Directoire. The nearest to it is Jane Austen. But it's really Quixtine."

Now nothing can flatter a man more than to be assured that he has an original method of love-making. Quixtus glowed with conscious idiosyncrasy. He also felt most humanly drawn toward the flatterer.

"You may count on my returning to you at the earliest possible moment," said he. "May I be commonplace enough to remark that I shall count the hours?"

"Everything beautiful on the earth," she replied with sweet sentimentalism, "is but the apotheosis of the commonplace."

The shrieking siren of a passing motor car drowned this last remark. He begged her to repeat it and bowed his ear to her lips. Her breath caught his cheek and made his pulses throb.

"I have a plan," she said, as they entered the hotel. "Why shouldn't we have a little dinner to ourselves? Your train doesn't go until 9:35. I'm learned in trains, you see; and I'm also learned in Paris restaurants."

"Nothing could be more delightful," said Quixtus.

It was only when he found himself alone in his room and reflected on the "reasons" for his journey to Marseilles that the crazy part of his brain summed up his amatory situation. He laughed sedately. He held the woman's heart in his hands. At any hour he could dash it on the pavement of Paris, whereon so many hearts of women had been broken. At any hour could he work this great wickedness. But not tonight. Tonight he would take the heart in a firmer grip. He would dally with the delicious malignity. Besides, his fastidiousness forbade an orgy of pleasure. One wickedness at a time. Was he not bound even now for Marseilles on a merciless errand? This deed of darkness must be accomplished swiftly. The other could wait. As a crown to his contentment came the realization that these, his supreme projects of devildom, lay hidden in his own heart; secret from Huckaby and his fellow minions. They were futile knaves, all of them —— Well, perhaps not Huckaby. Huckaby had more than once expressed the desire to reform. . . .

By the way, what should be done with Huckaby during his absence in Marseilles? He was useless in Paris. Why not send him back to London?

He summoned Huckaby to his room and, whilst packing, laid the question before him.

"For God's sake, don't!" said Huckaby, almost in terror.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"I can't go back," said he, tugging at his beard—no longer straggly, but neatly cut to a point. "I can't go back to it all—to the squalor and drunkenness! It's no use mincing words with you—I can't do it! You've set me on the clean road and, by Heaven! you've got to see that I keep there. You've given me chances in the past and I abused them. You have the power to give me another—and I won't abuse it. I swear I won't! To kick me back again would be hellish wickedness."

"You're quite right," replied Quixtus gravely, balancing in his hand an ill-folded pair of trousers which he was about to put into his suit case. "I appreciate your position perfectly. But, as I have implied to you before in a similar conversation, hellish wickedness is what I—what I, in fact, am devoting my life to accomplish."

He packed the trousers and walked up and down the room, pondering darkly. It was a tempting piece of villainy to kick Huckaby back into the gutter. In a flash it could be done. But, as in all his attempted acts of vileness, the coördination between brain and will failed at the critical moment. A new aspect of the case flashed upon his disordered mind, showing an even more diabolical way of achieving Huckaby's ruin than throwing him back into the gutter. By a curious transmogrification it was he, Quixtus, who now blazed luridly as the master of mischief, and Huckaby as the shrinking innocent. The enforced association of the shrinking innocent with the master of mischief could have no other result than the constant sapping of the victim's volition and the gradual but certain degradation of his soul. To accomplish this was a refinement of deviltry far beyond the imagination of his favorite fiend, Macathiel. He decided promptly and halted in front of his former myrmidon. It was once more necessary for him, however, like the villain in the old melodrama, to dissemble. He smiled and laid his hand on Huckaby's shoulder.

"All right," said he, in the old, kind voice that in the past had so often stabbed Huckaby's conscience. "I'll give you the chance. Just stick loyally to me. Stay with the ladies in Paris; and when I come back we can talk about things."

Huckaby gripped his hand.

"Thank you, Quixtus. I wish I could tell you—I've known all along ——" he stammered in a hoarse voice. "Oh, I've played the devil with everything!—and I don't know which is the damneder fool of us two."

"I am quite certain," said Quixtus with a conscious smile, which he assumed was Mephistophelian—"I am quite certain, my dear Huckaby, that you are."

In spite of the exultation that he felt—or deluded himself into feeling—at the triple wickedness wherewith he purposed to burden his soul, Quixtus dined with Mrs. Fontaine in a subdued frame of mind. It was not the fault of the dinner, for it was carefully selected by Mrs. Fontaine, who smiled pityingly at Quixtus' gastronomic ignorance; nor was it that of the place, a cozy little restaurant in the Passage Jouffroy; nor that of the lady, who appeared bent on pleasing. Deep down in his soul were stirrings of pity which his clouded brain could not interpret. Their effect, however, was a mild melancholy. Mrs. Fontaine's trained senses quickly noticed it and she tuned her talk in key. She prided herself on being a sympathetic woman. By this time she had learned to discount

"It's Booful!" She Cried, Clambering on Both Knees on to His Lap

his pessimistic utterances that she knew proceeded from the same psychological source as the lunatic desire to break a woman's heart, which had been the inspiration of the plot. She discerned the essential gentleness of the man, his tender impulses, his integral innocence, and established him in her own eyes as a pathetic spectacle. As to the heartbreaking she felt secure. It was the only element of humor in the ghastly game which day by day had grown more repulsive. It was in this chastened mood that she met Huckaby on their return to the hotel. Quixtus went up to his room by the lift and left them standing in the lounge.

"I can't do it," she said hurriedly. "Billiter and the whole lot of you can go to the devil! I'm out of it. With a man who can take care of himself, yes. I've no compunction. It's a fair fight. But this is too low down. It's like robbing a blind beggar. It revolts me. Understand—this is the end of it!"

"Will you believe me," said Huckaby, "when I say that it's more than I can swallow either? I'm honest. I'm out of it too. Billiter can go to the devil!"

She looked at him as she had done before that day, long and searchingly, and her hard eyes gradually softened.

"Yes; I believe you."

Huckaby bowed. "I thank you, Mrs. Fontaine. And, as we are on this painful subject, I should like to be frank with you. You know how this thing started. I began it in the first place as a joke, a wild jest, to humor him in his madness. The idea of Quixtus breaking a woman's heart is comic. But—God knows how!—it developed into our—our association. The important part now is this: If you think you have been fooling him to the top of his bent, you're mistaken. When it came to the point of beginning his heartbreaking career he shied at it. Moreover he told me the whole thing was profoundly distasteful and I must never mention the matter to him again."

"It's Like Robbing a Blind Beggar. Understand—This is the End of It!"

"Well?" asked Mrs. Fontaine. "What does that mean?"

"It means," said Huckaby, "that you've succeeded in making him fond of your society for its own sake."

She drew a deep breath. "Thank goodness, this nightmare of a farce is over!"

"Now, I suppose, you'll go back to London," said Huckaby.

She looked away from him, unseeing, down the long lounge—and her gloved hands unconsciously gripped each other hard; her bosom heaved. In the woman's dark soul strange things were happening—a curious, desperate hope was dawning. She remained like this for a few moments, while Huckaby selected and lit a cigarette.

"No, I shan't go to London," she said without turning her head. "I'll stay in Paris. I owe myself a holiday."

Ten minutes afterward Quixtus had gone. They watched the wheels of the taxi that was carrying him to the Lyons Station disappear beneath the great archway and, with something like a sigh, they returned slowly to the lounge. Lena Fontaine threw herself on a seat, her hands by her side, in an attitude of weariness.

"Oh, but I'm tired!" she whispered.

Huckaby suggested bed. She shrugged her shoulders. It was not her body that was tired, she explained, but the ridiculous something that people called a soul. That was dead beat. She looked up at him as he stood before her wondering to hear her talk so frankly.

"What was it that played the devil with you—a woman?"

"Drink," replied Huckaby laconically.

"I hadn't even that excuse," said Lena Fontaine. She laughed mirthlessly. "Don't you wish you were good?"

He sat down by her side.

"Why shouldn't we try to be?"

"Because the world isn't a Sunday-school, my dear friend."

Huckaby ventured to touch her hand with the tip of his finger.

"Let us try," said he.

She smiled—this time only in half derision.

"Let us," she said.

A great silence fell upon them and they sat there side by side for a long, long time, pretending to watch, like many other couples and groups in the lounge, the shifting life of the great hotel, but really far away from it all, feeling drawn together in their newfound shame like two dreary souls who had escaped from Purgatory and were wandering through darkness—they knew not whither.

XVI

THE great train thundered on straight down through the heart of France. Almost the length of it separated Quixtus and Clementina. They had seen each other only for a few moments amid the bustle of the hurrying platform—just long enough for her quick vision to perceive, in the uncertain blue light of the arc lamps, a haunted look in his eyes that was absent when she had first met him that afternoon. He had spoken a few courteous phrases; he had inquired whether Tommy and Etta, who clung to her to the last, were to be fellow travelers, whereon Clementina had very definitely informed him that Etta was staying with friends in Paris, while Tommy had arranged to visit a painter chum at Barbison; he had expressed the hope that when they arrived at Marseilles she would command his services; and, after a bareheaded leave-taking of the two ladies, which caused Etta afterward to remark that it was only her short skirt that had prevented her from making her court curtsy, he had gone in search of his own compartment.

Etta had flung her arms round Clementina's neck.

"Oh, Clementina darling, do come back soon! The Jacksons are kind, but, oh, so stuffy! And Tommy is going to Barbison and I shan't see him; and if you don't come back soon he'll have forgotten all about me."

Tommy had given her a great hug and kissed her.

"Goodby, dear. God bless you! Come back soon. We can't do without you."

And Clementina, pausing on the first step of the railway carriage, had turned and raised her hand—the unfilled finger-ends of her cotton gloves projecting comically—and cried:

"Goodby, you dear, selfish, detestable, beloved children!"

And neither of the twain had known what in the world she meant.

The great train thundered on through the country that Clementina had traversed a month before with Tommy: Dijon, Mâcon, Lyons. . . . Things had changed since then. Then a sweet rejuvenescence had crept through her veins; then she had amused herself with the idea of being a lady. The towns whose names, shouted through the awful stillness of the stations otherwise only broken by the eerie clank of the wheel-testers' hammers, were now but abstract stages on her journey, then had a magical significance. . . . That must be Vienne through which they were dashing. . . . If the bitter-sweet, the tragi-comedy, the cardiac surgery of Vienne had not brought a smile to Clementina's lips in the dark solitude of her compartment, would she have been the sturdy, humorous Clementina who had cried her farewell to the children? Things had changed since then, she assured herself. She was just Clementina again, fighting her battles alone, impatient, contemptuous, unfeeling; no longer a lady—merely a female dauber, ready once more to paint elderly magnates' trousers at so much a leg. . . . She sighed and laughed. Those had been pleasant times. . . . That she should be going over the same ground now with Quixtus seemed a freakish trick of destiny.

At nine o'clock in the morning the train entered Marseilles Station. Quixtus came speedily up to Clementina as she stepped on to the platform and offered his services. He trusted Clementina had slept well and had a comfortable journey.

"Didn't sleep a wink," said Clementina. "Did you?"

Quixtus admitted broken slumbers. The strangeness of the adventure had kept him awake.

"You're looking ill this morning," said Clementina, glancing at him sharply. "What's the matter with you?"

He seemed careworn, feverish, and an unnatural glitter had replaced the haunted look in his eyes. Clementina did not know how the approaching consummation of a deed of real wickedness terrified the mild and gentle-natured man. Hitherto his evil doings had been fantastic, repaired almost at once, as if mechanically, by the underlying instinct of generosity; his visions of sin had been fantastic, too, harmless, unpractical; but this sin of vengeance that he had intellectually conceived and fostered loomed great and terrible. So does the braggart, who has sworn to eat up a lion alive, totter at the knees when he hears the lion's roar. His night had been that of a soul on fire.

"Something's wrong. What is it?" asked Clementina.

He answered vaguely. This summons had upset him. It had set him thinking, a tiring mental process. He remembered, said he, how Hammersley, when they were boys together, had called him to see a dying butterfly on a rosebush. The yellow wings were still flapping languidly; then slower and slower; then strength gave out and they quivered in the last effort; and then the hold on the rosebush relaxed and the butterfly fell to the earth—dead!

"What does monsieur wish done with the baggage?" asked the attendant porter, who had listened uncomprehendingly to the long and tragical tale. Quixtus passed his hand across his forehead and looked at the porter as if awakening out of a dream.

"What you like," said he.

So forlorn and hag-ridden did he appear that a wave of pity swept through Clementina. The deadly phrase of the judge in the Marrable trial occurred to her: "Such men as you ought not to be allowed to go about loose." The mothering instinct, more than her natural forcefulness, made her take charge of the situation.

"The omnibus of the Hôtel du Louvre," she said to the man; and, taking Quixtus by the arm, she led him like a child out of the station.

"Get in," she said with rough kindliness, pushing him toward the step of the omnibus; but he moved aside for her to precede him. Clementina said "Rubbish!" and entered the vehicle. She was no longer playing at being a lady. Quixtus followed her, and the omnibus clattered down the steep streets and jolted and swayed through the traffic and between the myriad tramcars that deface and deafen the city. The morning sun shone fiercely. The pavements baked. The sun-drenched buildings burned hot to the eye, and the very awnings in the front of shops and over stalls in the markets suggested heat rather than coolness. Far away at the end of the Cannebière the strip of sea visible glittered like a steel blade.

"Whew," gasped Clementina—"what heat!"

"I feel it rather chilly," said Quixtus.

She stared at him wiping a damp forehead. What was the matter with the man?

When they entered the fairly cool vestibule of the hotel the manager met them and assigned the rooms. They asked for Hammersley. Alas, said the manager, he was very ill. The doctor was with him even now. An elderly man in thin, sun-stained tweeds, who had been sitting in a corner playing with a child of five or six in charge of a Chinese nurse, came forward and greeted them.

"Are you the friends Mr. Hammersley telegraphed for—Miss Wing and Doctor Quixtus? My name is Poynter. I was a fellow passenger of Mr. Hammersley's on the Moronia. He was a sick man when he started and got worse on the voyage. Impossible to land at Brindisi. Arrived here, he could go no farther, either by boat or train. He was quite helpless; so I stayed on until his friends could come. It was I who wrote out and sent the telegrams."

"That was very good of you," said Clementina.

Quixtus bowed vaguely, but spoke not a word. His lips were white. He held the front edges of his jacket crushed in a nervous grip. Poynter's voice sounded far away. He barely grasped the meaning of his words. A dynamo throbbed in his head instead of a brain.

"Is he dying?" asked Clementina.

Poynter made an expressive gesture. "I'm afraid so. He collapsed during the night and they've been giving

[illegible] oxygen this morning. Yesterday he was desperately anxious to see you both."

"Is it possible or judicious to go to him now?" asked Clementina.

"You may inquire. If you will allow me I'll show you the way to his room."

He led the way to the lift. They entered. For Quixtus, his companions had ceased to exist. He was conscious only of going to the dying man; and the dynamo throbbed, throbbed. During the ascent Clementina said abruptly to Poynter: "How long is it since you've been home?"

"Twenty-five years," he replied with a grim smile. "And it has been the dream of my life for ten."

"And you've stopped off in this Hades of a place for the sake of a sick stranger? You must be a good sort."

"You would have done the same," said Poynter.

"Not I."

He smiled again and looked at her with his calm, certain eyes. "A man does not live in the far Orient for nothing. I know you would. This way," he said as the lift door opened. He led them down a corridor, Quixtus following a step or two behind like a man in a trance.

The awful moment was at hand—the moment which in the teashop and in the hotel had seemed far, far distant, hidden in the mists of some unreal devil-land; which at dinner had begun to loom through the mists; which all night long had seemed to grow nearer and nearer with every rhythmic thud of the thundering train until at times it touched him like some material horror. The moment was at hand. At last he was about to fulfill his destiny of evil. His enemy lay dying—the spirit faintly flapping its wings like the butterfly. In a moment they would enter a room. He would behold the dying man. He would curse him and send a blackened, anguished soul into eternity.

The dynamo in his brain and the beating of his heart made him fancy that they were walking to the sound of muffled drums. Nearer, nearer! This was real, actual. He was a devil walking to the sound of muffled drums.

Poynter and Clementina stopped before a door. Quixtus stood still, shaking all over like a horse in front of a nameless terror.

"This is his room," said Poynter, grasping the handle.

Quixtus gave a queer cry and suddenly threw himself forward and clutched Poynter's arm convulsively, his features distorted with terror.

"Wait! Wait! I can't do it! I can't do it! It's monstrous!"

He leaned up against the wall and closed his eyes.

"Overwrought nerves," whispered Poynter.

There happened to be a bench near by, placed there for the convenience of the chambermaid of the floor. Clementina made him sit down.

"I don't think you're quite up to seeing him just now," she said.

He shook his head. "No. Not just now. I feel faint. It's [illegible] I'm not used to death. You go in. Give him my love. I'll see him later. But give him my love."

"Very well," said Clementina.

She rapped gently at the door. It was opened, and a Sister of Charity in a great white coif appeared on the threshold.

She looked at the visitors sadly.

"C'est fini," she whispered.

Quixtus staggered to his feet.

"Dead?"

"*Oui, monsieur.*"

The sweat broke out in great drops on his forehead.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"*Vous pouvez entrer si vous voulez,*" said the Sister.

Then Quixtus reeled as if some one had dealt him a crushing blow. Poynter saved him from falling and guided him to his seat. For a long, long second all was darkness. The dynamo stopped suddenly. Then, as had happened once before, a little thread seemed to snap in his brain. He opened his eyes, feeling sick and giddy. The Sister quickly disappeared into the room and returned with some brandy. The others stood anxiously by. Presently the spirits took effect and enabled him to coordinate his faculties. With an effort of will he rose and straightened himself.

"I am better now. Let us go in."

"Wiser not," said Clementina, a thousand miles from suspecting the psychological phenomenon that had occurred.

Quixtus slightly raised a protesting hand.

"I assure you there is no reason why I should not go in," he said in a shaky voice.

"All right," said Clementina. "But you can't go tumbling all over the place."

Once more she took his arm in her strong grip and, leaving Poynter outside, they entered the death-chamber together. The windows were flung wide, but the outside shutters were closed, darkening the room and cooling it from the baking sun. A man in a frock coat and narrow black tie—the doctor—was aiding his assistant in the repacking of the oxygen apparatus. On the bed—gaunt, hollow-cheeked and pinched—lay all that was left of Hammersley. Only his blond hair and beard, with scarcely a touch of gray, remained of that which was familiar. The laughing eyes, which had charmed men and women, were hidden forever beneath the lids. Clementina's hand crept half mechanically downward and clasped that of Quixtus, which returned the pressure. So, hand in hand, they stood in silence by the deathbed.

At last Clementina whispered:

"Whatever may have been the misunderstanding between you, all is over now. May his sins be forgiven him."

"Amen!" said Quixtus.

A few tears rolled down Clementina's cheeks and fell on her bodice. The dead man had belonged to her youth—the dreary youth that had taken itself for grim, gray eld. He had brought into it a little laughter, a little buoyancy, much strength, much comfort—all so simply, so kindly. At first, in her fierce mood of revolt, she had rebuffed him and scorned his friendship. But he was one of the gifted ones who could divine a woman's needs and minister to them; so he smiled at her rejection of his offerings, knowing that she craved them, and presented them again and again until at last, worn out with longing, she clutched at them frantically and hugged them to her bosom. A generous gentleman, a loyal friend, a very help in time of trouble, he lay there dead before her in the prime of his manhood. She let the tears fall unchecked until they blinded her.

A dry, queer voice broke a long silence, whispering in her ear:

"I told you to give him my love, didn't I?"

She nodded and squeezed Quixtus' hand.

The doctor stood by waiting until their scrutiny of the dead should be over. Clementina was the first to turn to him and to ask for information as to the death. In a few words the doctor told her. When she entered the room he had been dead five minutes.

"Who, madame—you or this gentleman—is responsible for what remains to be done?"

"I am. Don't you think so, Ephraim?"

Quixtus bowed his head.

"I sent him my love," he murmured.

"And now," said the Sister of Charity, "we must make the *toilette de mort*. Will you have the kindness to retire?"

She smiled sadly and opened the door.

"There is a packet in the drawer for this lady and gentleman," said Poynter, who had stood waiting for them in the corridor.

"*Ah! bon*," said the Sister. She crossed the room and returned with the packet, which she handed to Clementina. It was sealed and was addressed to them jointly: "To Ephraim Quixtus and Clementina Wing. To be opened after my death." Clementina stuffed it into the pocket of her serge skirt.

"We'll open it together by-and-by. Now we'd better go to our rooms and tidy up and have some food. Only a fool goes through such a day as is before us on an empty stomach. What's your number? I'll tell them to send you up some coffee and rolls."

He thanked her dreamily. She arranged a meeting at noon in order to go through the packet. They walked along the corridor, Poynter accompanying them. He proposed, it being convenient to them, to take the night train to Paris and home. Meanwhile his services were at their disposal.

"I wish I could pack you off to Piccadilly by Hertzian wave right away," said Clementina.

"It's Devonshire I'm longing for," said he.

They arrived at the lift door.

"You'll love it all the better for having played the angel in Hades," said Clementina with moist eyes. "Goodby for the present."

She extended her hand. He took it and held it in a hesitating way. An expression of puzzledom came over his tanned, lined features.

"Are you going to your room now?"

"Yes," said Clementina.

"Pardon my presumption," said he with some concern; "but—but aren't you going to see the child?"

"Child!" cried Clementina. "What child?"

"Why—Mr. Hammersley's, you know. She's here."

"Here!"

"When you came into the vestibule didn't you notice a little girl I was playing with—a Chinese nurse——"

"Have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Clementina. "Do you hear that, Ephraim?"

"Yes; I hear," said Quixtus tonelessly. The conflict within him between Mithra and Ahriman had left him weak and non-recipient of new impressions. "Hammersley has a little daughter. I wasn't aware of it. I wonder how he got her. She must have a mother somewhere."

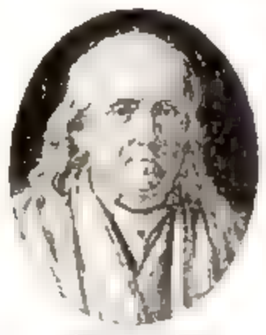
"The mother's dead," said Poynter. "From what I could gather from Hammersley, the child has no kin in the world. That was why he was so anxious for you to come."

Clementina peered at him with screwed-up monkey face—as if he were sitting for his portrait.

(Continued on Page 26)

"I Told You to Give Him My Love, Didn't I?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 8, 1911

Referendum in New Jersey

ANY city in New Jersey may now, at a special election, adopt the commission form of government, so that responsibility for running the town will be squarely vested in only three or five men instead of being scattered and hidden among twenty; but the enabling act grieves some staunch friends of "representative" government by providing that the commission scheme shall include initiative, referendum and recall. A stock argument against referendum is this: If a given body of voters is not intelligent enough to choose a faithful representative it cannot be sufficiently intelligent to pass upon proposed laws.

This is like arguing that if a farmer hires a hand who lets the pigs into the garden he cannot be wise enough to decide whether or not he needs a garden. Any voter may have sound ideas upon important public measures and still not know whether a candidate whom he never saw, and concerning whom his information is vague and contradictory, will faithfully represent him. Often astute bankers find they have been fooled about the character of subordinates who are constantly under their eyes and whose occupation they thoroughly understand. No body of voters ever knowingly chooses a faithless representative. Such bodies frequently get fooled. Opponents of initiative, referendum and recall think it is their duty, in such cases, to stay fooled.

The Moral of Madison Square

NEW YORK, it seems, cannot have Madison Square Garden as a publicly-owned place for indoor assemblages and recreation—a sort of roofed public park.

That such a roofed park would be an exceedingly pleasant and valuable thing for the people to possess is quite obvious; but they cannot have it because the tremendous growth in the city's population—which is exactly what makes the Garden so desirable as a public place for indoor gatherings—also makes the land so enormously valuable that the city cannot afford to own it.

The people of New York created this tremendous land-value by coming to the city and living there. Having created the value, they must turn the Garden over to Mr. Morgan or somebody else who can afford to pay the price, which is quite beyond their reach. Meanwhile, in rainy weather, they can assemble in small bunches in the subway entrances or under awnings—if the police will let them. Everybody has heard of the sumptuary laws of long ago which judiciously forbade mere artisans to wear the cloth that their own hands had made because it was too expensive for them. We get the same admirable result in a different way.

Private Pension Bills

DURING the first two months of this extra session of Congress fourteen thousand bills were introduced—mostly private pension bills. They went to the Pension Committees of the House and Senate. The former comprises fifteen members, each of whom sits on at least one other committee. The Senate committee has fourteen members. Its chairman sits on seven other committees, and that is not far from the average. These two committees virtually pass the private pension bills. That they can devote any extensive consideration to them is, of course, out of the question. There are certain requirements and limitations of a general nature. A bill granting a hundred dollars a month to an ex-private, for example, would doubtless be held up; and it is not considered good form for any one Representative or Senator to bring forward an excessive number of claims.

We don't see why the general requirements that would satisfy the Pension Committees cannot be embodied in a statute; why the claims cannot be examined as well by a clerk in the Pension Office as by a committee clerk; why, in short, the Government's obligation to former soldiers cannot be expressed in a general pension law, so that this deluge of private pension bills may cease!

Progressive Texas Lawyers

"THE first person who wore stockings in England," observes Adam Smith, "is said to have been Queen Elizabeth. She received them as a present from the Spanish ambassador."

And nearly everywhere in the United States today the criminal code requires indictments to be framed substantially as they were at that memorable time. Our comment upon this fact has inspired a Texas judge to send us a sample indictment for that state. It reads: "The grand jurors for the county of Midland, state aforesaid, duly organized as such at the February term, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and eleven, of the district court for said county, upon their oaths in said court, present that John Doe, on or about the first day of January, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and eleven, and anterior to the presentment of this indictment, in the county of Midland and state of Texas, did then and there unlawfully with a gun and a pistol kill Richard Roe."

Compare this simple yet sufficient statement with the maze of archaic, tautological and meaningless phraseology which most states require. In respect to indictments, at least, Texas law has certainly dug itself out of the Dark Ages, where the law of many other states still complacently lingers. The Kansas code also exhibits enlightenment in respect to indictments; but the criminal codes generally have not yet reached the age of stockings.

Why is it that the law, which is said to enlist the best brains of the country, is the one calling in the United States in which progress seems almost impossible?

A New Parcels Post Bill

THE average charge by railroads for handling a ton of freight is a dollar and eight cents; the average charge by express companies for handling a ton of matter is thirty dollars and eighty cents. The most profitable asset of an express company consists of its exclusive contracts with railroads which enable it to maintain a monopolistic schedule of rates.

One of the parcels post bills before Congress provides that the Government shall buy the contracts or franchises of the express companies at their market value. Taking the current quotations for the stocks of the four express companies whose shares are listed on the Exchange and the tangible assets of those companies as shown by the balance-sheet in the Interstate Commerce Commission's report, the market value of express-company contracts or franchises, based upon existing conditions, can hardly fall short of a hundred million dollars.

Is the Government under any moral obligation to pay some such amount to the express companies as a bonus before it enters into competition with them through the Post-Office Department? The great value of the contracts or franchises arises from the fact that they give the companies a monopoly of an important public service and enable them to charge the public more than the service is fairly worth. If the express companies had gouged the public twice as hard their monopolistic contracts obviously would be twice as profitable, and the Government, under the theory mentioned, would be obliged to pay two hundred millions for them. It seems quite clear that no "property right" which the Government is bound to recognize can arise under any such arrangement.

Paper Debates in Congress

RECENTLY, the House having resolved itself into Committee of the Whole for further consideration of the bill to reduce wool duties, the gentleman from Maryland was given the floor for one minute. His speech, with various appendices, occupies thirty-nine solid columns of the Congressional Record. To have delivered the speech proper would have required at least two hours longer than the one minute during which the gentleman occupied the floor. Moreover, the speech contained not a word about wool duties, but was altogether about a quite different subject.

A little later the gentleman from Mississippi, the gentleman from New York and the gentleman from Georgia were given the floor for one hour each. In each case the entry in the Record is as follows: "Mr. —— addressed the committee; his remarks will appear hereafter."

Thus we have one minute of oratory occupying thirty-nine columns and three hours of oratory occupying six lines. The meaning is, of course, that a great part of the "debates" in the House are intended primarily for circulation, under frank, among the speakers' constituents. After the House had passed the Canadian reciprocity treaty, for example, the Record was embellished with eloquent remarks upon that subject which members had withheld and revised for home consumption, while, under the "leave to print" custom, many speeches appear in the Record that are never delivered in the House.

We don't see why a member should expect constituents to read a speech which his fellow members will not give him leave to deliver to them; and if a member's remarks are not sufficiently digested to go into the Record as he utters them he ought to wait a few days. The proceedings of the House would certainly gain in interest and importance if the "debates" consisted of arguments actually addressed to the House and referring exclusively to the subject in hand.

On The Anxious Seat

IMMEDIATELY after President Taft's election, nearly three years ago, a conservative financial review observed: "The only unfavorable occurrence of the week was the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Tobacco Trust case." In the third week of November the year following the same review records that the market declined on the Circuit Court's decision in the Oil Trust case.

The Government's suit against the Oil Trust was begun on November 15, 1906; that against the Tobacco Trust on July 19, 1907. Scattered through the trade reviews from the first of those dates to the present time you will find these cases referred to as exerting an unfavorable or retarding influence upon business. Business can adjust itself to almost any stable conditions. Uncertainty is what checks it.

The same uncertainty exists today. The reviews are filled with speculations as to how the Oil and Tobacco Trusts are going to reorganize; as to what other Trusts may be brought into court; as to what the court will say about them if they are brought in. No man can answer these questions. The whole problem is as high in the air as ever.

Three years and a half after the Government began suit against the Oil Trust—in May, 1910—another problem belonging in the same category, and of quite as great importance, was raised—that is, the railroads proposed to put into effect a wholesale advance of freight rates. That problem was at once taken in hand by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In February of this year the Commission gave its decision against the roads. The whole matter was definitely disposed of—every doubt removed.

Which is the intelligent course—the one the Government pursues with regard to the Trusts, or the one it pursues with regard to the railroads? How long will it be before we have an Interstate Trust Commission?

The Lonesome Old Guard

OUT of ninety-one members of the Senate, twenty-four voted against submitting a Constitutional amendment for direct election of Senators by the people, and one—Tillman—would have voted against it if present. Ten of these twenty-five negatives were Southerners who may, like Tillman, have been opposed merely to the Bristow amendment and not to the general principle of direct election. That leaves fifteen grand and lonesome old guard, die-in-the-last-ditch, all-lost-save-honor conservatives.

All but three of them come from the North Atlantic seaboard. The two Senators from Pennsylvania and the two from Rhode Island voted nay—which is quite a matter of course considering the powers that elect Senators in those commonwealths. The two from Massachusetts, the two from New Hampshire, the two from Vermont and one from Connecticut also voted nay; but it would be difficult to say in just how far they were merely survivals rather than representatives of current political conditions in New England. The senior Senator from New York voted in the negative. There is a theory that Mr. Root might be almost progressive at times if he did not have insurmountable constitutional scruples against it. The net result is that pretty often, as in this case, he votes with Senator Heyburn, who was excavated by some political inadvertence in the progressive state of Idaho. There remain Lorimer, of Illinois—who needs no other explanation than the one which a committee of the Senate is now supplying to the country—and Smoot, of Utah.

This by no means comprises the roll of conservative Senators. Quite a number of others, in fact, voted for the resolution after having voted for the Bristow amendment, in a pious hope that it would defeat ratification of the proposal. It comprises only the most hopeless and heroic wing.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

A Little Acorn

NEVER—never!—"while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe"—distracted globe being slang for buzzing bean, as Hughie Keough would say, and the sentiment occurring originally to Mr. Mel D. Hamlet, late of Denmark, who was the original roundhead—never can those of us who were present on that auspicious occasion forget the evening when Joe Johnson opened his Subway Tavern in New York, assisted by Bishop Potter, and the hardy longshoreman, also present, turned to the bishop and asked genially: "What'll you have, Bish?"

The bishop took a prudent and churchly seltzer and lemon, and the ceremonies of dedication proceeded smoothly. It was a grand scheme of Joe's. Long had he been impressed with the sad lot of the toilworn workingman who, returning from his labor with a dime and a thirst, was compelled to visit a groggery to spend the one and assuage the other. "Why not give him a neat, comfortable, uplifting place to spend his dime in?" asked Joe. Being a guileless Georgian, however, he broached the plan to various friends of humanity resident in the metropolis before he broached anything in the tavern, and secured their hearty moral support.

The idea was this: Inasmuch as the workingman would spend his daily dime for malt or other similar refreshment anyhow, would it not be humanitarian to provide a place for him where he would not come in contact with degrading associations and where he would get good stuff? So it seemed to all concerned; and Joe opened his tavern at Bleecker and Mulberry Streets, if I remember correctly, and furnished it with originals contributed by the cartoonists of the period—tables, chairs and an assorted stock of those liquids tired workingmen are supposed to fancy.

Joe had been a newspaper reporter and he knew the kind of stuff the newspapers will print. He knew that an opening of the Subway Tavern that was merely an opening would mean a paragraph, but that an opening that was an event would mean a column. So he provided the event. Bishop Potter was interested in the plan, and Joe asked him to come down to the opening and say a few words by way of dedication. Much to the astonishment of everybody, including Joe, the bishop came, and the Subway Tavern had the story of its start on the first page of every New York paper the next morning and on the first pages of almost all the other papers in the country. Joe did his part, but the tired workingman failed to respond. He didn't want to drink his beer surrounded by originals from the cartoonists of the period—and he didn't drink it there either. So the Subway Tavern languished and died; but the scheme was good. Joe insists on that.

Good Jobs From Little Acorns Grow

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Our Hero Becomes a Great Oak

THIS was in 1905; but, four years before that, Joe had undertaken another humanitarian movement, which was, in short, the elimination of the corrupt boss in politics and the political regeneration of the city. He and Ike White and a few others organized the Order of Acorns, on the poetical theory that "great oaks from little acorns grow," the said political regeneration being the great oak that was expected to ensue. Most of the organizers were wise and clever reporters, and there never was a political movement in New York that got so much notice in so short a time as the Order of Acorns. They hired a hall on Broadway—or a vacant store rather—and had noonday meetings, and William Travers Jerome and Mark Twain and Seth Low and many others made noonday speeches, while Joe, who had been elected Great Oak, presided with becoming and acorned dignity.

Meetings over, the clever newspaper chaps who were engineering the movement hurried back to their offices and wrote enthusiastic pieces about the uprising of the people as typified by the success of the Acorns, and the whole town was agog about it—agog?—yes, agog is what New York is whenever a novelty comes along; and this surely was a novelty. The Acorns were for Seth Low and fusion that year, and Seth and fusion won. Wherefore the Acorns were very important for a time, but most of them stayed on at reporting.

From year to year the Acorns appeared at election time, but not again for Seth Low and fusion. Tammany reached out and gathered the crop, Great Oak and all; and presently we find Johnson in the Department of Finance, reminding us of Lord Bacon's quip that acorns were good until bread was found. Johnson remained acorned to his post until a new comptroller came in, and then he severed his connection, or was severed from his connection; and for the moment the Great Oak was naught but a Great Oak, with no nourishing bark in the way of salary attached. However, Mayor Gaynor, being an expert forester, soon remedied that, and Johnson went to the Fire Department as assistant commissioner. Then, not long ago, the mayor played it low down on Fire Commissioner Waldo by making him Police Commissioner and promoted Johnson to the vacant fire place—which again teaches us, dear children, that good jobs from little acorns grow.

There is more to this appointment than appears on the surface—unless, indeed, we are referring to the hirsutocinereous surface, which we are. It has long been the contention of students of municipal affairs that a fire commissioner should look the part—that is, we have suffered from a surplusage of black-haired and gloomy fire commissioners, and light-haired and volatile—to say nothing of baldheaded and forlorn. What has been needed is a red-haired fire commissioner, which the same is now secured. Speaking rufously, Joe Johnson is as redheaded a fire commissioner as could be desired by the most fastidious. He has much redheaded merit, being neither hispidulous, as claimed by some, nor yet hirtellous, but topped by a thatch of good, serviceable, ignescent hair that changes rapidly to meet fire conditions. When he goes to a fire in an oil tank his hair is lurid; but when he drops over to see a skyscraper blaze merrily it is a bright vermilion. Likewise he rides in a red automobile, has a ruddy complexion, has a red mustache and fits in with the fire-escape, as the Municipal Art Commission insists every fire commissioner should. Every time he elects to go to a fire—as he may at times, being commissioner and doubtless desiring to see how the brave fire-laddies are working—he will look like a high-geared meteor, especially if he has a sense of the proprieties and the picturesque, and gets himself a neat red hat to wear.

Oaks are slow of growth, even when springing from political acorns, and it took Joseph some time to get out of the sapling class. He was born in Griffin, Georgia, and graduated from the University of Alabama, being, in both instances, true to a long line of Southern ancestors. Still, he early felt the call of the North and was hired as a teacher of English in the Lebanon, Ohio, Normal School, where it occurred to him that, if he could teach English, mayhap, he could write it—very rarely the case; but sometimes there is an exception. So he hastened back to his beloved Georgia and acquired a place as reporter on the Atlanta Journal, and there had his ideas of the English language reconstructed and broadened until he came to be city editor, when he handed out some of that same line of reconstruction and argument to his men.

The North needed him. He could not resist the importunities of New York editors, who besought him to come up to Park Row—and he came. For a period of time he wondered why the New York editors had been so eager, but presently he began to get into things and became a good reporter. Politics was his bent and he saw possibilities with the Order of Acorns. Remaining in journalism for a space, he developed his acorns into his present job—no small feat for a young man just turned forty and not long ago teacher of English in a normal school—the fire commissionership of New York being a man's employment in every sense.

Johnson is ambitious, clever, earnest, energetic and has a fine eye for the spectacular. He'll load J. Pierpont Morgan or John D. Rockefeller, or some other distinguished and eminent and leading citizen, into that red automobile some day and take his chattering guest to some fire at seventy miles an hour. Of course he doesn't have to go to fires, but he'll go; and he'll probably use a scaling ladder on some convenient occasion or climb up the watertower to see how it works. He'll make a good fire commissioner too—see if he doesn't; and it will not be hard to keep track of him. There'll be plenty in the papers. Any man who can get Bishop Potter to dedicate a Subway Tavern can be relied upon to do things as fire commissioner—especially if he is redheaded.

A Harvard Hero

MANY years ago a section of a celebrated class at Harvard was regaling itself in a Boston restaurant. The talk fell on feats of eating and drinking, and one member of the class, since become a very staid and very well-known statesman, offered to bet five dollars he could drink a bottle of tabasco sauce. There was some discussion over this, many holding the feat could not be done; but the wager was finally made. The man who bet took a bottle of tabasco sauce, put it into a salad dressing he concocted and got away with it. The others present were much impressed.

Later, this same man offered to bet ten dollars he could drink a bottle of champagne without taking the bottle from his lips, which is a difficult feat but can be done. Anyhow, he did it, to the great amazement and admiration of his classmates and with the addition of ten dollars to his supply of money.

"Now," said the man who had won both bets, "just to show you people how good I am, I'll bet you twenty-five dollars I can eat those lace curtains."

And nobody had the nerve to take him up. They thought he could.

Bloody Mary

HENRY N. CARY, the secretary of the Chicago Publishers' Association, has a negro cook he took with him to Chicago from St. Louis. The cook is very religious and immediately joined a church in Chicago.

Cary saw the cook going out of the house one evening with a large carving knife in her hand.

"Where are you going, Mary?" he asked.

"I's gwine t' church."

"Well, what are you going to do with that knife?"

"They's a religious dispute goin' on down there," said Mary, "an' I wanter see my side gits de best of it."

A Game State

BOB DAVIS, the celebrated bass fisherman, who argues that the way to catch bass is to throw a stick of wood at them—the wood being attached to a clothesline or any convenient cord—was in Maine not long ago, concerned in his favorite pastime, when he met an old man who seemed quite spry.

"How old are you?" asked Davis.

"Ninety-two," the man replied.

"Ninety-two? Well, well! And you've never been sick, I suppose?"

"Not to speak on. Laid up a spell last winter. Nuthin' much, though."

"What was it?"

"Oh, nuthin' but a touch of pneumony."

When Davis inquired he found the old man had been in bed six weeks with double pneumonia and had recovered; from which he concluded the inhabitants of Maine are as hard to kill as bass.

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS
Announcement of 1912 Models

Chalmers "30" Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1500.

Regular equipment: Magneto; gas lamps and oil lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; Chalmers mohair top; automatic windshield; ventilated fore-doors; full set of tools; horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit.

Chalmers "30" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $1500.

Regular equipment: Same as "30" Touring Car.

Chalmers "30" Torpedo Runabout, 2-passenger, $1500.

Regular equipment: Magneto; gas lamps and oil lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; Chalmers mohair top; windshield; tire irons, tools, etc.

Chalmers "Thirty-Six" Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1800.

Regular equipment: Chalmers self-starter; Continental demountable rims; Bosch dual ignition system; Solar gas lamps—all lamps enameled black; Prest-O-Lite tank; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; four forward speed transmission; long stroke motor—4¼-inch bore, 5¼-inch stroke; ventilated fore-doors; tire irons; tools, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit. Top and glass front, $100.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $1800.

Equipment: Same as "Thirty-six" Touring Car.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Berlin Limousine, $3250.

Including full equipment.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Cab Side Limousine, $3000.

Including full equipment.

Chalmers "Forty" Touring Car, 7-passenger, $2750.

Regular equipment: Bosch dual ignition system; Solar gas and oil lamps—all lamps enameled black; Prest-O-Lite tank; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; ventilated fore-doors; Chalmers mohair top; automatic windshield; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; tire irons; tools, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit.

Chalmers "Forty" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $2750.

Regular equipment: Same as "Forty" Touring Car.

Chalmers "Forty" Detachable Pony Tonneau, $2750.

Regular equipment same as "Forty" Touring Car.

HERE are the motor car pace makers for 1912—the Chalmers "30," $1500—the Chalmers "Thirty-six," $1800. These cars win their way to your approval by sheer merit. They set new standards of motor car values.

When the Chalmers "30" was first announced four years ago, the words "astounding value" were used to describe it. It set a new standard.

Each season since, by better factory methods, by improvements and refinements, we have greatly increased the value of the car without increasing the price. Each year the verdict on Chalmers cars has been "best value at the price."

Our Astounding Values

And now for 1912 we say to you, the motor buying public, with perfect assurance, that this year more than ever before we offer you "astounding values."

The "30" remains the leader among $1500 cars. The new "Thirty-six" at $1800 represents a further development along the lines of greater size and increased power. The reliable, standardized, beautiful "Forty" is continued for those requiring a car of unusual power and 7-passenger capacity.

In our plan of business, your interests and our own are mutual. Utmost value at the price—one price to all—and service guaranteed—is our policy. We have been unable to find any brand of salesmanship equal to quality in the goods; or any sort of advertising one-half so effective as good words spoken by those who know the merit of Chalmers cars.

The temptation to make extravagant claims is strong. But in our advertising we try to make understatements rather than overstatements. We ask you to bear this in mind in reading our 1912 Announcement.

"30" Fully Equipped $1500

We ask you to remember these facts: The Chalmers "30" was the first standard touring car to sell at a medium price. No car of equal value ever has sold for the same price or for less.

Remember that this is the car which was driven 208 miles a day for one hundred days in succession; that made the trip from Denver to Mexico City; that for two years won more contests in proportion to the number entered than any other car; that has never been defeated by a car of its price and power; that holds the world's light car speed record; that won the hardest Glidden Tour ever held.

Please remember further that this is the car with the most advanced design; the car that has been so widely copied.

Buy a Beautiful Car

Remember this car has a grace of line and beauty of finish which the costliest cars do not excel; that it has given satisfactory service to 15,000 owners; that it is backed by the Chalmers guarantee.

Last year this car sold for $1750, equipped with magneto, gas lamps, top and windshield. Think of it this year—refined and improved in every possible way, with thoroughly ventilated fore-door bodies, inside control, magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, and including also Chalmers mohair top and automatic windshield—for $1500!

You have your choice of four or five passenger bodies, and four color schemes. We ask you to see these cars at our dealers. They are now on show. Deliveries to customers begin at once.

New Model "Thirty-Six" $1800

When we considered bringing out a new model, the Chalmers "Thirty-six," we instructed our engineers to build a four cylinder, five-passenger car that would leave absolutely nothing to be desired. We said we would fix the price when the car was ready. We think that in the Chalmers "Thirty-six" we are offering a car that leaves nothing to be desired.

What more could you ask in a car than you are able to get in this one?

More power, perhaps? You really could not use more than the splendid long stroke motor will develop. With large cylinders and long stroke (4¼" x 5¼") the new motor is a great puller at high speed; a wonderful hill-climber; and will give you all the speed you want. Though rated at 36 h. p. according to the engineers' formula, it actually develops 40 h. p.

Four Speed Transmission

Greater flexibility? The four forward speed transmission—a feature until now found only on the highest priced makes—gives a flexibility of control hitherto unknown on medium priced cars. Direct drive is on the fourth speed. A third speed is provided which will carry you over the hardest grades without loss of time. If a very steep hill is encountered, you can still drop back to second, which is powerful enough for the steepest grade and yet much faster than first speed of an ordinary car.

Do you ask more room in the body? This body is as roomy as any five-passenger car built. It is a big body. If it were any bigger, it would become awkward and less comfortable.

More comfort? We honestly believe that it is not possible to buy a more comfortable car at any price. The big wheels and tires—36 x 4—the ample wheel base, sturdy frame, heavy ¾-elliptic rear springs, tilted, luxuriously upholstered seats, afford the passengers the acme of riding comfort.

Chalmers Self-Starter

Greater convenience? The new Chalmers compressed air self-starter does away with the last of the original inconveniences of automobiling.

This starting device is built in the Chalmers factory. It is not an accessory added to the car,

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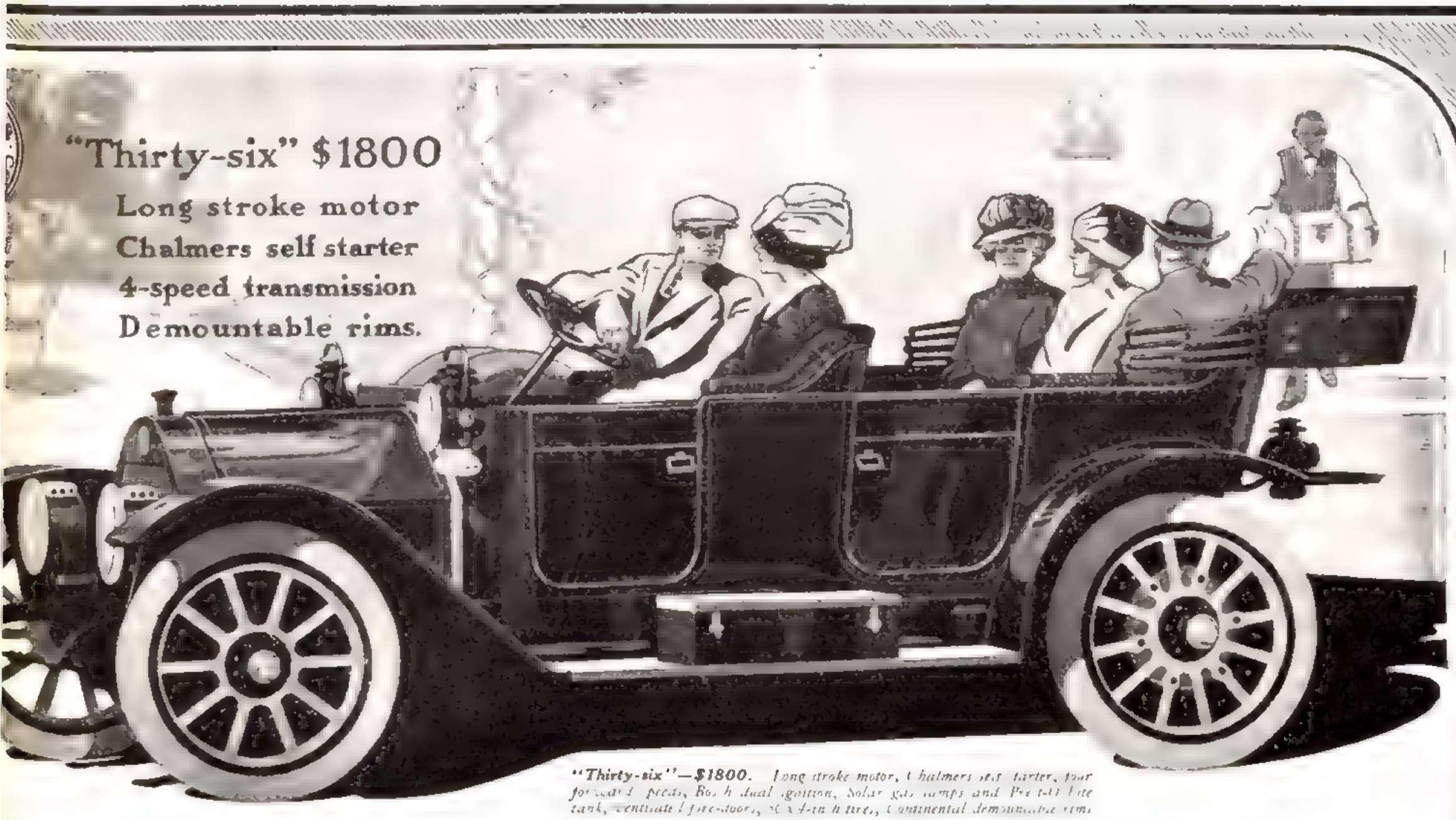
Chalmers Motor Comp



"Thirty-six"—$1800. Long stroke motor, Chalmers self starter, four forward speeds, Bosch dual ignition, Solar gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite tank, ventilated fore-doors, Gabardine tires, Continental demountable rims

tial feature. With it there is no ing. Any woman can now drive a . The compressed air of the self- o be used for inflating tires.

nsider These Details

ls of finish, we ask you to compare x" with any car selling up to $4000.

s are of the luxurious type found on ars. Black enamel finish instead of on metal parts, such as door handles, es, lamps, etc. An option of nickel extra cost of $50, is offered.

ed dash is covered on the inside with tonneau floor is covered with cocoa nt foot board and the running boards th dark gray linoleum.

ls of construction which show the on little things are The beautiful ndles on each door, permitting open- nside; scuff plate on the fender where ning board, large, completely equip- n the running board, smooth finish of nders, all rivet heads being entirely nproved Mercedes type honeycomb as you find on the high priced cars. xclusive features you will note when he car.

ty-Six" Already Proved

greater reliability in a motor car? ew model has ever received more ng before being offered to the public.

— in November, 1910—we completed cars of the "Thirty-six" type. One ent to Uniontown, Pa., where, for four pt it going day in and day out, up and ebrated Uniontown Hill. Motorists no severer hill-climbing test.

of these cars was sent to Florida, eeks, it was driven through heavy ttest weather. The third car, driven Middle West, averaged 200 miles a miles.

any, Detroit

The motors for the new models were tested on the block, running 1500 revolutions per minute, 24 hours a day for weeks at a time.

It seems almost incredible, but it is the absolute truth, when we tell you that in all of our testing of this car and its motors we have never broken down a single motor, transmission, or other vital part.

We have tested not only one car, but a number of them; we have tested not only one motor, but many we have not driven a few hundred miles, but tens of thousands of miles and we have done all this so that we might be able to stand behind an absolute guarantee of all of the parts of this car for one year and a further guarantee of Chalmers service.

1911 Our Best Year

The Chalmers Company finished, on June 15th, the most successful year in its history. We announced at the beginning of the 1911 season that we would build 6250 cars. We built this number and sold them. We could have sold more, but adhered to our policy of putting quality ahead of quantity.

Our 1912 line represents the evolution of Chalmers experience It is the achievement of a highly trained organization guided by an ideal—to build the highest class motor cars possible at a medium price. We are proud to announce our 1912 cars as the best we have ever turned out.

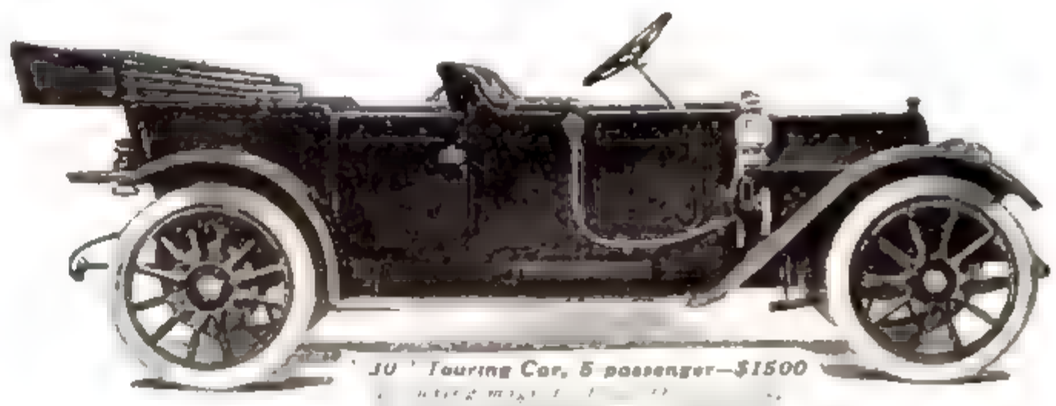
Our Cars Fully Guaranteed

We guarantee Chalmers cars to be free from defects in material and parts. For one year from date of delivery we will replace free any defective part, if returned to our factory for inspection

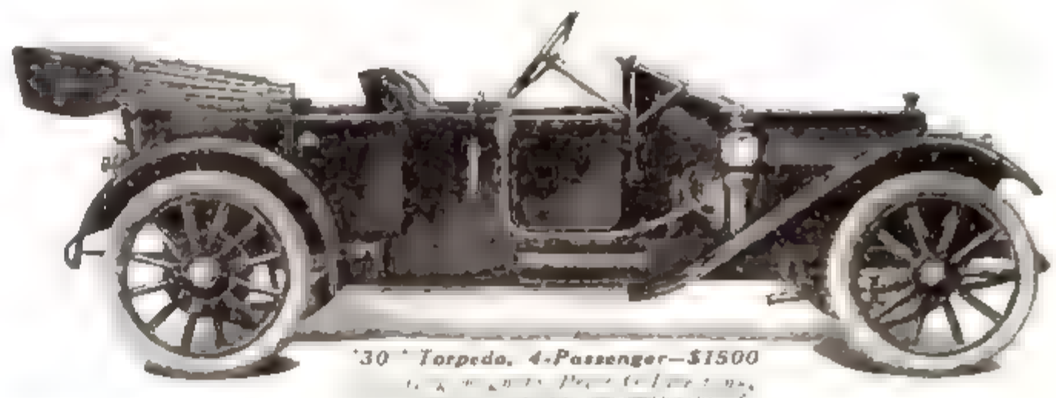
The parts of Chalmers cars are made from the best materials obtainable, and they are built, for the most part, in our own factory. Hence we are perfectly safe to guarantee them. Chalmers Dealers, as well as the Chalmers Company, guarantee service at all times

We really believe, whether you buy a Chalmers or not, it is worth your while to see the new cars.

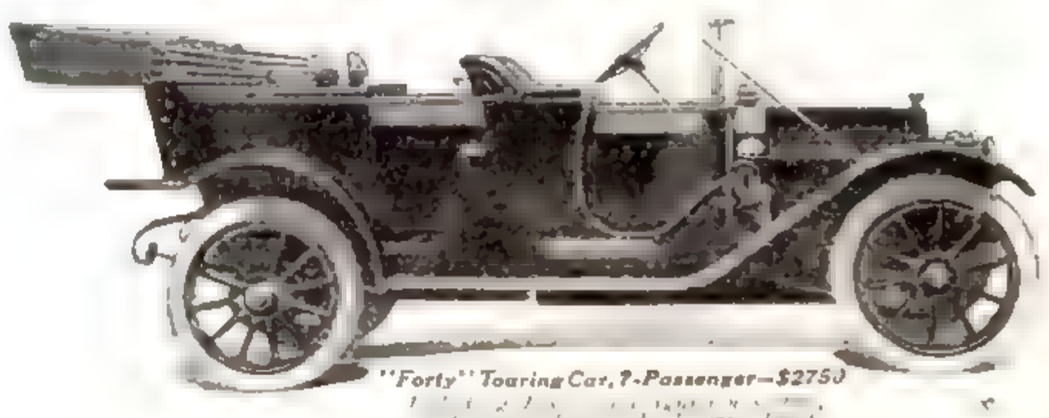
We shall be very glad to send you our new catalog, and an introduction to our dealer nearest to you



'30" Touring Car, 5 passenger—$1500



'30" Torpedo, 4-Passenger—$1500



"Forty" Touring Car, 7-Passenger—$2750

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SEND your name and investigate now, with Kinnear Pressed Radiators, how you can wipe out underneath unhealthful dust and dirt cannot accumulate—no holes or pockets to catch dust—the sanitary radiators. For bath-rooms the one satisfactory method possible for heating, and so ornamental everywhere.

Don't think of considering *cast-iron*, heavy, unsanitary, dirt-collecting radiators before thoroughly investigating Kinnear Pressed Radiators—either for steam or hot water heating.

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Cost No More—Unlimited Guarantee—Save Nearly Half Space and Two-Thirds on Weight—Strong—Most Permanently Durable—Sanitary—Quick Action On or Off—Highly Artistic

"On the Wall—Off the Floor—Out of the Way"

So beautifully artistic, yet "out of the way," Kinnear Pressed Radiators are now demanded by owners or builders of modern homes and, in fact, are practically required by all latest principles of heating for buildings of every character.

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Irene, the Single-Cylinder Kicker

Continued from Page 9

Misch shrugged himself disgustedly. He said he'd do it in a minute, only he didn't wish to get to Whitestone ahead of time.

There was some other conversation then which was also strictly personal.

"I've told you before," remarked Binkey, "we're not going to Whitestone."

"Aren't we?" rejoined Misch. "Well, Bink," he added carelessly, "I'm not looking to disappoint you; but I've got inside information that off Whitestone something's going to happen."

Moreover, it did. What it was, though, I cannot tell you to this day. Nor can Binkey either, though Binkey knew all about machinery—that is to say, he knew, or he thought he knew, up to that particular moment. At sunset, just off the village pier at Whitestone, whatever it was that happened, happened according to schedule. First of all, the perishing little clothes-wringer gave a grunt and then a wheeze. Afterward, its flywheel bucked to and fro for a moment; whereupon it lay down and died. In consequence, there we lay rocking slowly to and fro, adrift on the tide—a derelict on the vasty bosom of the deep.

It seemed to me, though, that when it happened I saw Misch get up from beside the engine and put something in his pocket.

At this time of day, the Sound steamers come up out of Hell Gate and go trooping to the eastward, past Whitestone. I do not like Sound steamers. I especially dislike them when they appear in regattas. They, in fact, seem exceptionally objectionable when one is drifting among them in a mere cockleshell like the Irene. Misch, however, seemed unimpressed. Lighting a cigarette, he advised Binkey and me to remain calm. He also suggested we hoist our ensign upside down at the masthead. As we had no mast this was, of course, ridiculous. Besides, the only ensign aboard was a baby-blue pennant inscribed with Binkey's class numerals at the business college he'd attended. "What!—no mast?—no ensign?" exclaimed Misch, remarking, however, we had everything else for a deep-sea cruise, campstools included. "Why not hoist a campstool?" he suggested, with what was perhaps irony. Binkey, however, ignored him and in scornful silence began overhauling the engine. "What's that dinky little whistle for?" Misch inquired, as he nonchalantly crossed one knee upon the other. "Some one might hear you if you set it squeaking." He was almost insulting, in fact.

Why prolong it? Ultimately, when I had shouted myself hoarse, a boat set out from the shore manned by a seafaring person in a linen duster and derby hat. As there was a tin badge upon the hat I suspected that besides his marine calling he had also something to do with the village hack; but what seemed most surprising was that Misch not only seemed to know him but seemed furthermore to expect the person's coming.

There appeared between them, in fact, some secret understanding.

"Waal, I see you got here," remarked Linen Duster as he hove to alongside. Afterward, with a nod, he indicated Binkey and me. "Friends of yourn?" he inquired.

"Not so's it need bother you," Misch responded, and added hurriedly: "Did you get the things in time?"

Get them? Get what?—I wondered.

"Yaas; they went out on the six-eighteen," said Derby Hat indulgently. "Four pieces—three large and one hand-carry," he added mysteriously. Even Binkey wiped the oil out of his eyes and stared. "Not pulling the ingyne apart, be ye?" he inquired—and observed: "Surprising, now; but no one ever stops at Whitestone unless they be." Afterward, Linen Duster inquired whether he couldn't give us a tow.

Misch said no. The tide, he remarked, was doing very nicely; and, besides, we couldn't be towed, as the drygoods people apparently had failed to supply us with a painter. "We might rip the tape off one of those cretonne locker cushions, though," he suggested.

I hadn't noticed the tide. As I saw now, however, all the time the current had been rapidly sweeping us shoreward. A few minutes later, anyway, we drifted up to the village wharf, when, in readiness to grapple, I stood by with the boathook. "Look out, you'll scratch the nickel-plating!" warned Misch; and shoving me aside he dexterously caught the string-piece as we floated past.

By this time Binkey had the engine open and was taking out the pieces.

"Now don't get any spots on your suit, Bink," advised Misch as he climbed upon the pier. In addition, he observed he would be back presently, as he merely wished to inform Irene of our safe arrival. "She'll be worried, of course," he explained, though I forget what it was Binkey answered. Anyway, I'm sure it wouldn't look well in print. However, when Misch had gone up the pier whistling, what Binkey said to me was significant enough. "Just wait—I'll fix the fellow!" he swore grimly. "I'll show him if he can come aboard here and run things to suit himself!"

If Binkey referred to the engine, there was, of course, reason for his rage. I have never seen any one try to run some one else's engine without raising trouble. It was Binkey's tone rather than his words, however, that gave me an inkling of what he meant. "Binkey!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean you're going to run off and leave the brute?—sail away and leave him!"

Binkey raised an oil-soaked face that was tragic as that of Hamlet, the melancholy Swede. "You wait and see!" he promised viciously. "Or I am, anyway, as soon as I can get this engine to work. First of all, though," he added venomously, as he yanked out the motor's remaining insides, "I'm going to 'phone Mr. Jones he'd better keep an eye on that daughter of his!"

"Binkey!" I exclaimed, stupefied.

"If you weren't such a simpering ass," rejoined Binkey, with what I fear was not politeness, "you'd know what that fellow meant when he said his trunks were checked to Niagara."

Then I saw it. Then, for the first time, it all dawned upon me. There are two reasons only why one goes to Niagara. It is either as an absconder or as a bridegroom.

In either case my duty was plain. I must telephone to Irene's father.

Binkey said no more. He had immersed himself in the engine; and such was his preoccupation that I saw him wipe his hands on his new flannel yachting suit.

Presently he began to reassemble the engine. Then he began to speak. I dare say it was justified. Whereas the catalog expressly stated there were only eleven parts to the insides of our simple little motor, both Binkey and I again and again counted anywhere from four to six extra pieces for which there seemed to be no place in which to put them.

It was at this point that a voice broke in on us.

"Oh, that's all right," it said. "The trouble isn't that you have too many pieces. You two ginks have been counting in the spanner, an oil can, an extra spark plug and the oil cup on the cylinder head."

It was Misch, of course. He had returned and was eying us with interest. However, neither Binkey nor I deigned to notice him. "Anyhow," observed Misch, as he lowered himself aboard, "you couldn't have started the engine. When I went ashore I took precautions so you wouldn't run off and forget me."

Afterward he removed something from his pocket. It was the spark coil, I believe; anyway, it was something you attach to the feedpump so that the flywheel will turn round.

"Now just get out of that, you two," said Misch abruptly. "I'm in a hurry—and I've got to see whether you've wrecked the engine or not."

Then Binkey got all red in the face and I wish you could have been there to see him.

"Don't you dare to touch that engine!" he ordered. "You've about ruined it now, as it is."

"Yes—and what's more," I added bluntly, "we're on to you, Bertie Misch. We've tumbled to the way you tried to trick and fool us when we invited you off on this cruise."

I wish, too, that you could have seen the fellow then. He began to grin, and it was a grin as guilty as if we'd caught him red-handed in something. "Well, fellows," said Misch uncomfortably, "the fact is I overheard you two plotting to shanghai me away from Irene." Then he held out a hand to Binkey and me. "Boys," said Misch humbly, "I'll call it quits if only

"That fetches me!"

IT IS *always* the right season to enjoy our Tomato Soup.

In the "lazy" summer days when so many people hardly know what they want to eat—or whether they want to eat at all—you'll find this is one of the most inviting and satisfying delicacies you can have on your table.

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Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It has a tonic quality that tempts the jaded appetite; aids digestion; and invigorates the entire constitution.

There is no end of inviting ways to serve it. And you can prepare it in almost no time; and with no bother nor fuss.

You'll be surprised at how much every one enjoys this delicious soup even in the sultriest weather; and at the real good it does them.

Try it today and see.

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Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Chowder, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Pea, Pepper Pot, Vermicelli

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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"You ask me why
So gaily I
Become a blushing bride.
All because he
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Nothing is so vital to the life of an automobile as a proper lubricant.

The following elements are essential:

Proper Adhesiveness:

Adhesiveness in lubricating oil is the property of clinging to metallic surfaces. **Polarine has the correct adhesiveness for motor car use.**

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Cohesiveness in an oil is its property of clinging together to maintain a proper film between wearing surfaces. Two oils may maintain this film equally well at one temperature, yet materially differ from each other at another. **Polarine maintains a perfect film both at low temperatures and in intense heat.**

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Polarine Oil, sold in sealed cans, gallon and five gallon sizes, or in half barrels and barrels

Polarine Transmission Lubricants for transmissions and differentials, sold in three consistencies, in cans of convenient size, also in half barrels and barrels

Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease, the latter of high melting point especially adapted to use on universal joints. Sold in round cans.

All dealers sell Polarine Lubricants or can get them for you.

If you own a motor car or motor boat send for our booklet, "Polarine Pointers." It includes hints on lubrication and the causes of motor troubles. Write our nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

you two will stand up with me and Irene tonight. We're going to elope, you know."

We knew all about it! I looked at Binkey and Binkey looked at me. Meanwhile Misch still held out his hand.

"I'll see you laid out in the parlor first!" said Binkey; and after that I do not care to dwell too much on what occurred.

Git!" said Misch. "All ashore that's going ashore! When Binkey and I protested at his roughness, Misch took the most convenient grip he could get on Binkey's flannel yachting suit and gently but firmly assisted him ashore. Then he turned toward me; but needlessly, as it proved, for I'd already saved him the trouble. I was, in fact, then on my way to a telephone.

In times like this Jones is a very inconvenient name to deal with. It is especially inconvenient when you have forgotten the Mr. Jones' initials. I know, anyway, that the first Mr. Jones who answered grew almost personal when I insisted he had a daughter Irene who was about to elope with Bertie Misch.

"You're another!" he answered over the wire. "I was only married last month, and ——"

I rang off and hurriedly tried another.

"Yazzah. An'm Misto' Jones," the next one replied. "No, sah; Ah ain't got no daughter named Kalsomine."

Subsequently, when I got down the list as far as the Q. Joneses, the operator cut in on me. "If you don't know the initials," she announced, "I'm not going to ring up the other sixteen Jones families to ask."

In desperation I described Mr. Jones and asked her whether she didn't know him. The situation was desperate, I explained, whereat she evinced interest. "Is his daughter," she inquired promptly, "the Miss Jones girl that walks out evenings with a tall, handsome colleger?—a swell, slender city feller?"

Without disputing either her taste or the description, I said it probably was. Furthermore, I begged her to hurry and ring up Mr. Jones.

"Sorry," said the operator deliberately—so deliberately that in the pause between the words I could hear her snap her chewing-gum—"Sorry, but their 'phone's out of order."

She gave me the address, however, and I dropped the receiver and ran.

Just as I got to the house I saw a slim female figure dart out the back way and slip hurriedly through the shrubbery. There was no time to waste. A moment later there was a sound of wheels and the village hack dashed swiftly by in the gloom. Panting with exertion, I raced up the steps and rang.

Then I rang again. After I had done so—not twice, but four or five times handrunning—I heard steps within.

"Well?" a deliberate voice inquired of me.

It was Mr. Jones; and, with what calmness I could muster, I begged him to hurry and let me in.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Jones benevolently. "If it ain't one of those two young fellers!" Then he chuckled—why, I cannot say. "Well, sonny?" he observed.

There is little more to tell. I'm bound to say, however, though I say it myself that shouldn't, I was as calm as could be under the circumstances. Presently, when I'd caught my breath, I broke the news to Irene's father. I told him all. I told him how we'd tried to save Irene for her parents by shanghaing that ruffian, Misch. Indeed, I spared nothing. I even warned him that Misch was only a clerk in the bank's A to F department. "So are we, Mr. Jones," I confessed, showing that, to rescue his daughter, we were willing even to sacrifice ourselves. "But you must hurry!" I begged. I knew that Binkey, at any cost, would try to hold the Irene, but that, unless we hurried, there was no telling what might happen.

Irene's father must have been a very deliberate person. He waited until I had finished before he so much as said a word.

"Say," he then remarked deliberately, "you don't mean she's really going to elope?"

I certainly did. "But you must hurry, Mr. Jones," I insisted. "You certainly will have to hurry!"

Mr. Jones suddenly sat down. "Well, wouldn't that beat you!" he exclaimed in utter astonishment and dismay.

Then, to my inconceivable surprise and stupefaction, Mr. Jones did something I shall never forget. He pulled out a cigar and ponderously bit off its end!

"Elope?" he echoed. "Now why did that pair elope? Why?" protested Mr. Jones, as he slowly looked me over. "I c'd have stood for him. I was getting real fond of the young fellow; and if they'd only told me they c'd have had the swellest wedding in West End Avenue that me or my money c'd buy 'em!"

What's the use? When I came back to my senses Mr. Jones had already lighted his cigar and was breaking the news to mother.

"Guess you'd better let them go," said mother, and added: "I suppose I ought to cry or something, only all I can think of is how a wedding does muss up the carpets."

So I went slowly back to the wharf. On the way I looked for a policeman or a constable—some one, anyway, to enjoin Misch from running off with our property. Naturally the Irene must have foiled him, as I felt sure none but a skilled mechanic could ever put her in order again.

However, I found no constable. What is more to the point, when I got to the wharf I could find no Irene either.

Then I knew what had happened. They had taken Binkey with them and I was left marooned in Whitestone.

"Binkey!" I yelled.

To my utmost stupefaction, I was answered by a voice almost directly under my feet. It was Binkey's voice, besides, but so strained that for the moment I could hardly recognize it.

"Are there any women or children there?" asked Binkey; and, when in astonishment I said no, Binkey begged me to make sure I was not mistaken.

Only darkness was around us—nothing else; and there crept out from under the wharf a chilled and dripping figure minus the flannel yachting suit and clad in a toweling dressing gown.

"I was ruining my suit," he explained, and hung on to me while a sudden chill set him shaking from feet to teeth. "I had spots on it already; so I took it off. Then, when I was putting the engine together, Misch came. She was with him and I didn't have time to get into my clothes again. Shay, oo-ol-old man," said Binkey, and chattered with another set of the shakes, "you oughter have seen him! I'll bet he's nothing but a low mechanic anyway. He just dumped the pieces back in the engine and gave the thing a kick. Afterward he whistled and she came down to meet him."

"Then they did get away!" I exclaimed anxiously.

"Listen!" said Binkey—or, rather, it was, "L-l-lhis-tt-t-en!"

From far out on the still, darkening waters of the Sound there came to me the staccato coughing of a motor boat. It ran smoothly and surely, speeding far away into the night. That it was the Irene, I doubt not—nor that it bore away from us the other Irene.

"You perishing pirate!" Binkey screamed after it into the night. "You bring me back my clothes!"

As I feared his shouts might attract others, I stilled him; and in the darkness Binkey and I came away from there. Since then I have not seen either of the two Irenes.

Nor do I care to either.

Women—
BACK *to the* BICYCLE

Wouldn't you like to get away from the noise and smoke of the city now and then—to breathe the pure country air? Wouldn't the exercise do you good? Cycling soothes tired nerves, braces up the appetite and is great sport besides. You will be astonished at the distance you can ride without fatigue—ten miles is nothing. You will save the first cost in doctors' bills.

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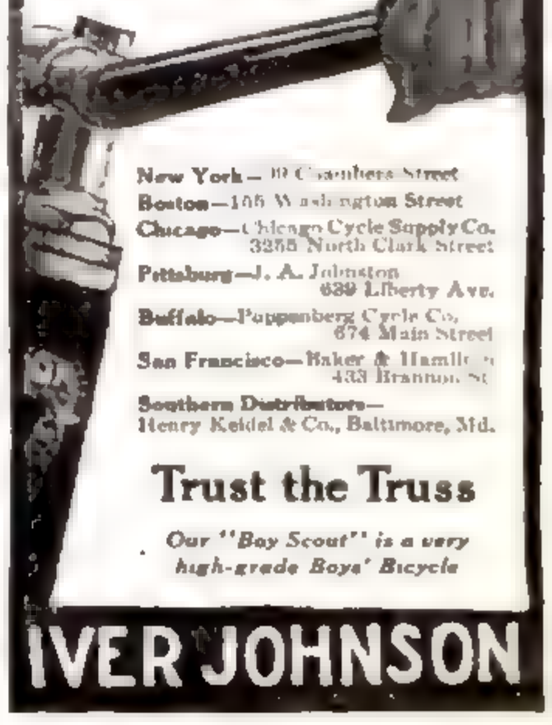

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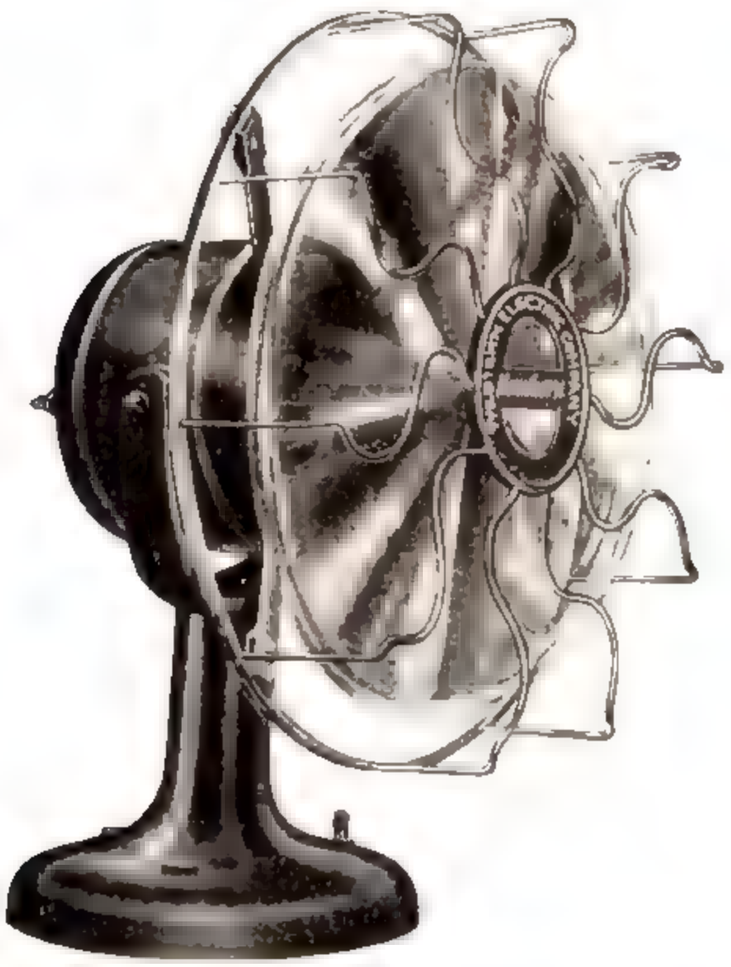

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LA FOLLETTE'S IDEAS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Mark the inevitable result! Senators are elected to represent their states. They delegate their authority to the chairman of a caucus, and that authority is redelegated and delegated again until it works out finally in the selection of committees controlled by a few bosses who dominate all the legislation of the United States Senate. The power of these bosses is felt in every home—its strong hand laid upon every business. It wipes four-fifths of the states off the map and makes mere dummies of their representatives in the Senate.

"And it is a bipartisan control. Whenever there is a legislative question before the Senate which is not purely political in its nature—for instance, a tariff schedule—it is possible for privilege to combine its Senators of both parties. Whenever Senator Aldrich found himself in a tight place he could reach across the aisle and secure sufficient Democratic support to sustain him. A notable illustration of this was the vote to reduce the duty upon sawed lumber. The Democratic platform had declared for free lumber, yet eleven of the twenty-three Democrats who voted upon this question—nearly one-half—stepped across the aisle and voted with Mr. Aldrich against lowering the duty; whereas, if they had taken a stand with the progressive Republicans, the vote would have stood thirty-seven in favor and thirty-three against, and would have resulted in a lower duty on lumber.

"Now take the vote upon the question of seating William Lorimer. Had it not been that eleven Democrats joined with the reactionary Republicans there would be no necessity to consume the time of the Senate at this session with a discussion of this case. The vote upon the resolution to declare the Lorimer seat vacant was: yeas, forty; nays, forty-six; and of the eleven Democrats who helped to make the majority, five were of the same group that aided Mr. Aldrich in defeating the effort to lower the duty upon lumber.

"This bipartisan combination exists—it operates in the Senate. It is more important to the people of the country that they study closely this combination at the present time than it has ever been in the past.

"This bipartisan control will be broken. The United States Senate, now dominated by the bosses, who themselves are dominated by privilege, will be democratized. The states will demand equal representation. Caucus-made committees will be supplanted with committees elected by direct vote in open Senate under the Australian or some similar form of ballot. Once the citizen understands, he may be relied upon to protect and maintain his heritage of real representative government."

"The legislature of Wisconsin has recently submitted to the people of the state a Constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage. Do you believe in it, Senator, and to what extent?"

La Follette on Woman Suffrage

"I have always believed in woman suffrage to the same extent as man suffrage, for the reason that the interests of men and women are not superior or antagonistic one to the other, but are mutual and inseparable.

"Cosuffrage, like coeducation, will react not to the special advantage of either men or women, but will result in a more enlightened, better balanced citizenship and a truer democracy."

"Senator, I remember your speech of introduction when Mr. Taft visited Madison in the campaign of 1908. I can hear your words as they rang out in the university gymnasium: 'Taft is progressive.' Immediately the correspondents telegraphed their papers: 'Put Wisconsin in the Republican column—and keep it there.' Now, Senator, has Mr. Taft proved himself progressive?"

"In the campaign I really believed that Taft was progressive. That President Roosevelt so believed, no one can doubt. Otherwise he would not have chosen him to carry forward the progressive policies that had so signalized the Roosevelt Administration.

"After Taft's nomination and before his election he discussed openly and frankly, in my presence and that of others, his disapproval of the Republicanism of the reactionaries of the party, generally and specifically, in the most vigorous and pronounced fashion. I am certain that he impressed every leading Progressive who met him during the campaign as he impressed me in this regard.

"Yes, I really believed Mr. Taft was progressive. And the country so believed. I expressed my honest conviction on the morning following his election when I said in a published interview:

"'The overwhelming Republican victory is manifestly an expression of approval of President Roosevelt and a demand that the Roosevelt policies, as the public affectionately terms them, shall be carried forward by the man to whom the President most desired to intrust them for fulfillment. The people were for the President. They accepted Mr. Taft because the President stood for him and they believed he stood for the President and all the President represents. He was nominated. He came into the campaign, and his strength and sincerity impressed them. He grew every hour of the campaign after he came to the people. He will go to the Presidency strong in the confidence of the people. He has a great work before him. Roosevelt has prepared the way for the constructive work which President Taft must build into the structure of our Government. He has had the legal training to fit him for the task. He will not fail.'"

"And yet he failed?"

"He failed from the outset," replied La Follette; "though for a long time I hoped against hope, 'suspended judgment' and held up his hands in every way I could."

Is the President Progressive?

"Taft dismissed a progressive Cabinet and appointed an ultra-conservative one. That was the first shock. He had been associated with the Roosevelt Cabinet in which, it was supposed by the public, he had been doing good teamwork. That Cabinet was composed of men who had their departments well in hand. For example, Garfield, the head of the Interior Department, had become thoroughly familiar with his field. He knew the weak places in the laws regarding the public domain—the vulnerable spots where the raiders had broken through in the past. He had become thoroughly acquainted with the army under him—knew the value of every man and had the most important investigations under way. Moreover, Mr. Garfield had been a loyal friend to Mr. Taft, just as Mr. Pinchot and other warm friends of Mr. Roosevelt had been.

"For the head of the Cabinet, Knox was selected—Knox, who had been attorney for the Steel Trust—Knox, who was elected to the Senate on the 'nomination' of President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Henry C. Frick, the Pennsylvania's largest stockholder and a director in the Steel Trust, 'by and with the advice and consent' of Senator Penrose.

"For Secretary of War, Dickinson, ex-attorney for the Illinois Central—a Harriman road.

"And, to enforce the Sherman law, Wickersham was selected—Wickersham, one of Morgan's attorneys—Wickersham, who had taken large fees from the Steel Trust and from the Sugar Trust."

"But Wickersham, as Attorney-General, has successfully prosecuted Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust, Senator."

"Those suits were begun under the Administration of Mr. Roosevelt," said La Follette, "and the major credit belongs to him and to Attorney-General Bonaparte. The Roosevelt Administration had instituted another most important suit—I refer to the suit against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. The purpose of that suit was to prevent the monopolization of transportation in New England, and the Government had a remarkably good case. What happened? Without any reasonable explanation Wickersham had this suit discontinued. Now New England is in the grip of a transportation monopoly. Steam roads, trolley lines and water routes are all dominated and controlled by the New York, New Haven & Hartford."

"But many people seem to believe, Senator, that Mr. Taft is to be credited with much constructive legislation."

"Mr. Taft is entitled to no credit for progressive legislation," insisted La Follette.

"The first test of Mr. Taft came when Congress was convened in extraordinary session to revise the tariff. If the tariff was to be honestly revised, in compliance with the platform pledges of the Republican party, such revision was bound to be 'upon the basis of the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad'—as interpreted again and again by Mr. Taft during the campaign. This meant the most searching investigation of production costs, item by item, from the beginning to the end of each schedule, or it meant that the voters had been fooled in 1908. There can be no pretense that any such investigation was undertaken. Even the report of the German Government on wages in various occupations was deliberately suppressed.

"In furtherance of revision downward, it was Mr. Taft's first privilege under the Constitution and his grave duty to present to Congress his views of the serious and important character of the work, to perform which the extraordinary session had been called. Congress was convened on March fifteenth. On the sixteenth the Senate and House assembled to receive the message of the President. Expectation was keen the country over. Everywhere thoughtful men were anticipating a great state paper, discussing the changes in economic and industrial conditions in the face of which, for the first time, tariff revision was to be undertaken.

"Senators and Representatives sat with fixed attention as the secretary began to read President Taft's first message to Congress. At the end of two minutes the secretary stopped. It was all over. Men looked into each other's faces with amazement. The one thing especially emphasized in the brief executive note was that, out of regard for the business interests, the tariff bill should be passed with dispatch."

The Best Tariff Law Ever

"When the tariff bill passed the House," continued the Senator, "it was condemned the country over as a betrayal of platform pledges. There was still opportunity for the President to act. Progressive Senators urged him to send to Congress a strong expression of his views as to the character of revision which the country expected and which it was entitled to receive. His invariable answer was that, as Executive, he would pass upon the work when Congress had finished its legislative duties, and if the bill was not a full compliance with the pledges in the platform upon which he had been elected it would be vetoed promptly. It violated platform pledges—nevertheless it received his approval."

"But the amendments to the rate law, Senator, surely the arm of the Interstate Commerce Commission has been materially strengthened in Mr. Taft's Administration?"

"In Mr. Taft's Administration—but despite Mr. Taft and his Attorney-General," insisted La Follette. "The rate bill drawn by Mr. Wickersham, which Mr. Taft asked Congress to pass, was the boldest raid upon public rights in the form of legislation that privilege ever succeeded in forcing upon the serious consideration of Congress. The bill was rewritten on the floor of the Senate after twelve weeks of debate. In the face of strong opposition and continued criticism emanating from the White House the Progressives of the Senate determined to make and did make that piece of legislation of real value to the people. The only thing which Taft and Wickersham put into the bill was the Commerce Court provision; and that court has failed so far to demonstrate its usefulness.

"Cannonism, Mr. Taft said to many Progressives in the Presidential campaign, was the 'greatest load' he had to carry; and yet at the outset of his Administration he gave his support to Cannon not passively, but actively. He elected Cannon to the Speakership when he was certain of defeat; he stifled the attempt to modify the House rules; and he is responsible for the Cannon-Tammany Hall alliance which foisted Cannonism on the Republican party and, with the tariff law, brought about party defeat in the Congressional elections.

"The Democratic party owes much to Mr. Taft. That debt cannot entirely be liquidated by Democratic support for the President's so-called reciprocity.

"I believe in reciprocity. I believe in reciprocity with Canada—reciprocity of the kind advocated by Blaine and McKinley; but I protest against Mr. Taft's proposed revision of the tariff by executive mandate. I protest against this diplomatic bargain that is masquerading in the guise of reciprocity. It is not reciprocity. It is a tariff trade, conceived in special-interest selfishness, negotiated in secret and brought into the open with the attractive label of reciprocity as a bid for the favor of the American public.

"It is not the farmer, it is not the consumer for whom these negotiations were made. They were made to benefit the railroad, the miller, the packer, the newspaper publisher. If agriculture is to be legislated out of sixty to seventy million dollars to help Jim Hill's railroad to larger dividends, the millers and packers to greater profits, and the newspapers to free themselves from the extortion of the Print Paper Trust, then we should avail ourselves of this opportunity to reduce in some reasonable measure the excessive tariff burden and the high prices which the farmers and all other consumers are now required to pay for all the articles they buy.

"I shall offer amendments to the bill providing for a complete revision of the wool and cotton schedules of the present Payne-Aldrich tariff law, revision of the rates on structural iron and steel, and certain other paragraphs of that schedule; also amendments revising the sugar schedule. Such revision downward, while reducing our Government revenues less than ten million dollars annually, will effect a reduction in the cost of living by lowering prices to the consuming public, aggregating more than two hundred million dollars a year.

"But to continue," said La Follette. "There is the subject of conservation—perhaps Roosevelt's greatest policy. No honest citizen need be reminded of the chapters in that scandal—the dismissal of the fearless Glavis—and then the disclosure that the Attorney-General of the United States had wilfully antedated his opinion on the Glavis charges; the admission by Mr. Taft that he had authorized Ballinger's man, Lawler, to write, 'as if he were President,' a letter exonerating Ballinger. And that is not the whole record. By executive order Mr. Taft threw open to public entry twelve thousand eight hundred acres, part of the Chugach National Forest, on the waterfront of Controller Bay, Alaska. This land is practically the key to the Cunningham claims, and their outlet, the sea. Now it is said, which the White House denies, that already dummies of the Guggenheims have filed on this waterfront."

The Alaskan Muddle

"The President's action was not taken by proclamation—the usual way—but by executive order, made known to a certain few Government officials. And the executive order was made in October last; but six months elapsed before the press and the public had any notice of it!

"If the Guggenheims succeed in securing this water outlet it will not greatly matter should the Cunningham claims be disallowed; for the Morgan-Guggenheim railroads will have their outlet to the sea, and they can monopolize transportation and lay such tribute as they please on the developers of natural resources who are not in their combination.

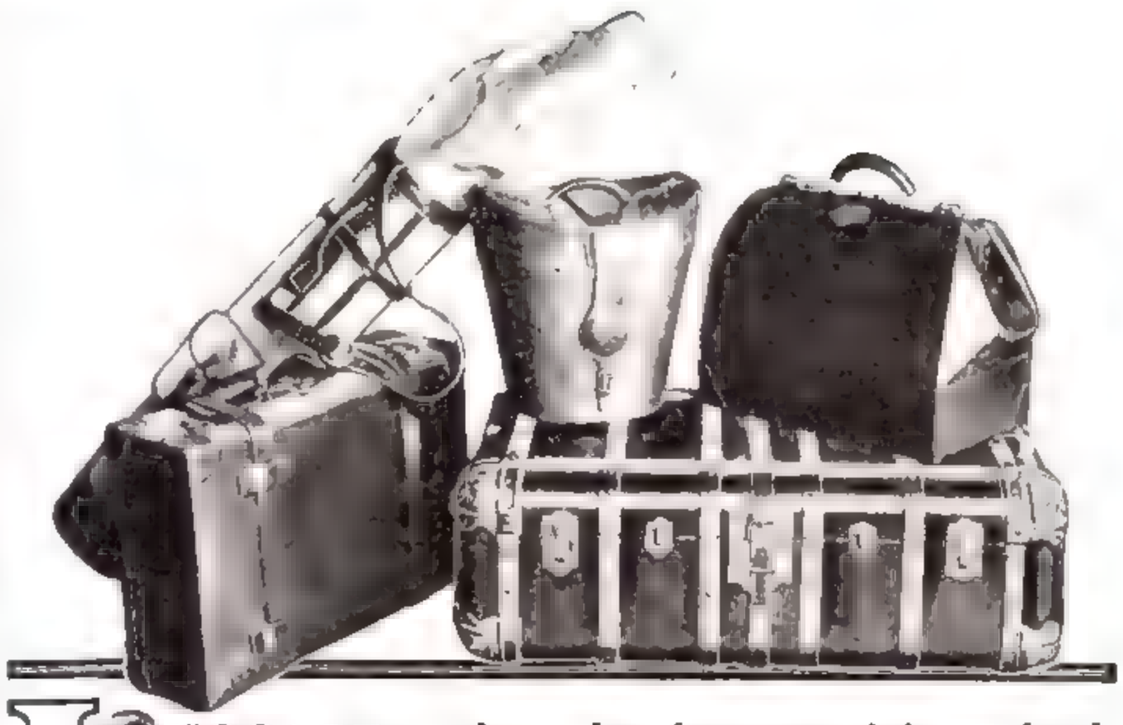
"Mr. Taft resorted to old political practices, now generally relegated to ward politics—namely, withholding patronage to force Senators and Representatives to surrender their convictions and vote for legislation hostile to the public interest. The famous letter, written by Secretary Norton at the President's dictation, saying that patronage had been 'restored' to the Insurgents, is the documentary proof of this charge.

"In the campaign of 1908 Senator Beveridge spoke for Taft from one end of the country to the other, but Beveridge voted against the Taft bill; and from that time on Mr. Taft recognized and gave encouragement to the old Fairbanks-Hemenway-Watson machine, which worked successfully to defeat Senator Beveridge for reelection.

"After his election, Mr. Taft began to throw over his friends—the friends of Roosevelt. Now, desiring reëlection, Mr. Taft seems—I say seems—to be throwing over a few of his reactionary friends. In other words, he is turning against those new friends for whom he turned against his old friends.

"No; Taft is not progressive.

"Taft is reactionary."



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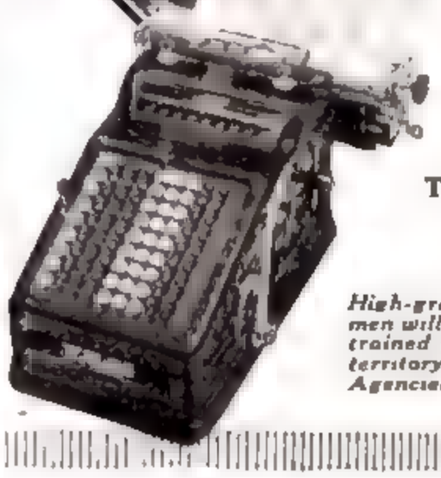

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 11)

"It's the most amazing thing I've ever heard in my life!" She clapped her hand to her pocket. "And this sealed envelope—do you know anything about it?"

"I do," said Poynter. "It contains a letter and a will. I wrote them both at his dictation ten days ago. The will is a properly attested document appointing Doctor Quixtus and yourself his executors and joint trustees of the little girl. A dear little girl," he added, with a touch of wistfulness. "You'll love her."

"God grant it!" cried Clementina fervently. "But what will an old maid like me and an old bachelor like him do with a child between us?"

Yet, as she spoke, the picture of the child—in spite of her preoccupation on entering the hotel, her sharp vision had noted the fairy fragility of the English scrap contrasting with the picturesque materialism of the fat Chinese nurse—the picture of the child enthroned on cushions—a feminine setting!—in the studio at Romney Place, flashed with acute distinctness before her mind, and some foolish thing within her leaped and stabbed her with a delicious pain.

Quixtus brushed his thinning hair from his forehead.

"I understand," said he faintly—"I understand that I am a trustee for Hammersley's daughter. I wasn't expecting it. I hope you'll not think it discourteous if I leave you? I'm not quite myself today. I'll go and rest."

He entered the lift, which had been standing open for some time. There is not a feverish hurry in Marseilles hotels between steamers in June. Clementina, with a gesture, checked the lift-boy. The man must be looked after at once. She turned to Poynter.

"Like a dear, good soul," she said in her frank way, "go down and prepare the child for such a rough-and-tumble stepmother as me. I'll be with you in a few minutes. What's your number, Ephraim?" He showed her the ticket. "Two hundred and seventy?"

"*Au troisième*, madame."

The lift-gate clicked. They mounted a couple of floors. The chambermaid of the *étage* showed them into number two hundred and seventy. Then Clementina took command. In less than two minutes windows were opened and shutters adjusted, the waiter was dispatched for coffee, the valet was unpacking and arranging Quixtus' personal belongings and the chambermaid spreading the bed invitingly open. When Clementina was a lady she behaved in the most self-effacing and early Victorian, ladylike way in the world; but when she was Clementina, and wanted to do things, she would have ordered the devil about like a common lackey and boxed the ears of any archangel who ventured to interfere with her.

Quixtus, unprepared for this whirlwind ministration on the part of Clementina, whom he had hitherto regarded rather as an antagonistic principle than as a sympathetic woman, sat bolt upright on the edge of the sofa and looked on with an air of mystification. Yet, feeling weak and broken, he was content to let her tend him.

"Take off your clothes and go to bed!" said Clementina, standing, hands on hips, in front of him. "For two pins I'd undress you myself and put you to sleep like a baby."

A wan smile flickered over his features.

"I'm very grateful to you for your kindness. Perhaps a little rest will bring mental adjustment. That's what I think I need—mental adjustment."

He repeated the words several times and sat staring in front of him.

On the threshold Clementina turned and crossed the room again.

"Ephraim," she said, "I think if you and I had been better friends all these years there wouldn't have been so much of this adjusting necessary. It has been my fault. I'm sorry. But, now that we have a child to bring up, I'll look after you. You poor man!" she added, touching his arm very kindly and feeling ridiculously sentimental. "You must be the loneliest thing that ever happened." She caught up his suit of pajamas and threw them by his side on the sofa. "Now, stick on these things and go to bed."

Downstairs, in the vestibule, she found Poynter, with the little girl on his knees. The Chinese nurse sat like a good-tempered idol a few feet away.

"This is your new auntie," said Poynter as Clementina approached.

The child slipped from his knees and looked up at her with timorous earnestness. She was fair, with the transparent pallor of most children born and bred in the East—a creature of delicate fragility and grace. Clementina saw that she had her father's frank hazel eyes. The child held out her hand.

"Good morning, auntie," she said in a curiously sweet contralto.

Clementina took the seat vacated by Poynter and drew the child toward her.

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

"Of course."

She put up her little lips. The appeal to the woman was irresistible. She caught the child to her and clasped her to her bosom—and kissed her and said foolish things. When her embrace relaxed as abruptly as it had begun the child said:

"I like that. Do that again."

"Bless you, my darling; I could do it all day long!" cried Clementina.

She held the child with one arm, the little face pillowed on her bosom, and with her free hand groped in her pocket for her handkerchief. This found, she blew her nose loudly and glanced at Poynter, who was surveying the pair with his grave, wise smile.

"I'm sure you don't mind if I make a fool of myself," she said. "And I'm sure I don't."

XVII

FOR as much of the day as she could spare from the miserable formalities and arrangements attendant on the death of a human being, Clementina made a fool of herself over the child. It was a feminine scrap hungering for love, kittenlike in its demand for caresses. Contentedly nestling in Clementina's arms, she related piecemeal her tiny history. Her name was Sheila and she loved her father, who was very ill—so ill that she had only been able to see him once since they had come off the ship. That was yesterday; and she had been frightened, for he said that he was going to mummy. Now mummy had gone to Heaven; and when people go to Heaven you never see them again. With a pang Clementina asked her if she remembered when her mummy went to Heaven. Oh, yes. It was ever so long ago—when she was quite little. Daddy cried, cried, cried. She, too, would cry if daddy were to go to Heaven. . . .

Clementina thought it best to wait and accustom the child both to the idea of the eternal parting and to herself, before breaking the disastrous news. But her heart was wrung. Sometimes Sheila revolted and clamored to see him; but, on the whole, she showed herself to be reasonable and docile. She hugged to her side a shapeless and very dirty white plush cat, her inseparable companion. . . . They had lived in a big house in Shanghai, with lots of servants; but her father had sold it and sold all the furniture, and they were going to live in England forever and ever. England was a place all full of green trees and grass and cows and flowers. Did Clementina know England?

"Suppose daddy goes to Heaven, would you like to come and live with me?" asked Clementina.

Sheila replied seriously that she would sooner live with her than with Na. Na was a new Na. Her old Na was in Shanghai. Her husband wouldn't let her come to England. Only Clementina would have to cuddle her to sleep every night, like her daddy. Na didn't cuddle her to sleep. She thought she didn't know how. Daddy, she repeated like a young parrot, had said that was the worst of getting a nurse who had never had children of her own. They were so darned helpless. Clementina winced; but she put her arm round the child again.

"You're not afraid of my not being able to cuddle you, Sheila?"

"Oh, you—you cuddle lovely!" murmured Sheila.

Who was her mother? Clementina had no notion. Hammersley had never announced the fact of his marriage. The last time she had seen him was six years ago. The child gave herself out to be five and a half. Hammersley must have married just before leaving England. He had

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breathed not a word to anybody but so had Will Hammersley acted all his life. He was one who gave and never sought; a man who received the confidence of all who knew him and kept the secrets, both of joy and sorrow, of his own life hidden behind his smiling eyes.

One of the secrets the dainty secret that lay in her arms—was out now; a fact in flesh and blood. And for the guidance of this sensitive wisp of humanity to womanhood she, Clementina, and Ephraim Quixtus were jointly responsible. It was a Puckish destiny that had brought their lives to this point of convergence. With the dead man lying cold and stark upstairs, the humor of it appeared too grim for smiles. She wished that the quiet, capable man of wise understanding and unselfish heart, who had missed the express train at Brindisi that would have sped him swiftly to his longed-for Devonshire, and had come on to Marseilles with the sick stranger, had been appointed her coadjutor. Poynter could have helped her mightily with his kindly wisdom and his knowledge of the hearts and the ways of men, as he was helping her that day in the performance of the dreary duties to the dead. But Quixtus! He was as much of a child as the one confided to his care. Anxious, however, that Sheila should be prepossessed in his favor, she drew a flattering picture of the new uncle that would shortly come into her life.

"Is he your husband?" asked Sheila.

"Oh, no!" cried Clementina, aghast at the grotesque suggestion. "What ever put that into your head, child?"

It appeared that Dora Smith, one of her little friends in Shanghai, had an uncle and aunt who were married. She thought all uncles and aunts were married.

"Do you think he'll like my frock?" asked Sheila.

The vanity of the feminine thing! Clementina laughed for the first time that dismal day.

"Do you think he'll like mine?"

Sheila looked critically at the soiled, ill-fitting blouse and the rusty old brown skirt—and reddened. She paused for a moment.

"I'm sure he'll say that he does," she replied sedately.

Clementina caught a whimsical gleam in Poynter's eye.

"Oriental diplomacy!" she remarked.

He shook his head. "You're wrong. Go deeper."

Clementina flushed and stroked the child's fair hair.

"I'm afraid I've got to learn a lot of things."

"In the most exquisite school in the world," said Poynter.

Quixtus came downstairs about four o'clock, pale and shaky, and found Clementina in the dark writing room of the hotel. She had petted the child to her afternoon sleep about half an hour before and had left her in the joint care of the Chinese nurse and the dirty white plush cat tightly clasped to her breast. She had just finished a letter to Tommy. Either through the fault of the deeply incrusted hotel pen or by force of painting habit a smear of violet ink ran a comet's course across her cheek. She had written to Tommy:

"If you don't want to know what has happened you ought to. I find my poor friend dead on my arrival. Elysian fields for him, which I'm sure are not so beautiful as the English lanes his soul longed for. To my amazement, he has left a fairy child to the joint guardianship of your uncle and myself. Your uncle's a sick man and needs looking after. What I'm going to do with all you helpless chickens, when I ought to be painting trousers, God alone knows! I once was an artist. Now I'm a hen. Your Clementina."

She had also written to Etta in a similar strain and at the same inordinate length, and was addressing the envelope when Quixtus entered the room.

She wheeled round.

"Better?"

"Thank you," said he. "Though I'm ashamed of myself for sleeping all this time."

"Jolly good thing you did go to sleep," replied Clementina. "It has probably saved you from a breakdown. You were on the verge of one."

"Can I help you with any of the unhappy arrangements that have to be made in these circumstances?"

"Made 'em," said Clementina. "Sit down."

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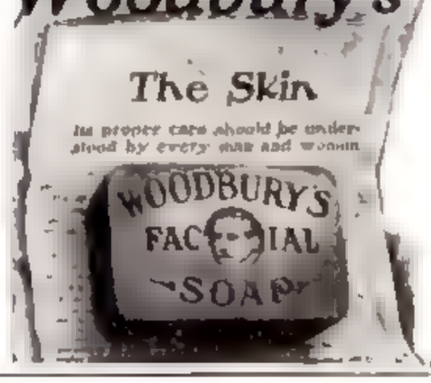

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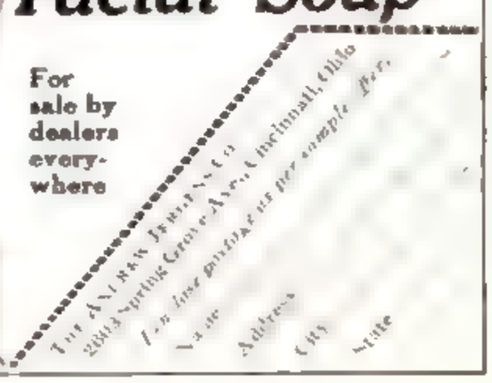

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Quixtus obeyed meekly. He wore an air of great lassitude, like a man who has just risen from a bed of sickness. He passed his hand over his eyes.

"There was a sealed packet, if I remember rightly, and a child. I think we might see now what the packet contains."

"Are you fit to read it?" she asked. He smiled vaguely, for her tone softened the abruptness of the question.

"I am anxious to do so," he replied.

Clementina opened the envelope and drew out the two documents—the letter and the will—and read them aloud. Neither added greatly to the information given by Poynter. Hammersley charged them, as his two oldest, most loved and trusted friends, to regard themselves as the parents and guardians of his orphaned child, to whom he bequeathed a small but comfortable fortune, to be administered by them jointly in trust until she should marry or reach the age of twenty-five years. No mention being made of the dead wife, her identity still remained a mystery. Like Clementina, Quixtus had not heard of his marriage—could think of no woman whom, six years ago while he was in England, he could have married.

But six years ago! Quixtus buried his face in his hands and shuddered. Had the man been false to every one—even to the wife of the friend he had betrayed?

Suddenly he rose with a great cry and a passionate gesture of both arms.

"I am lost! I am lost! I am floundering in quicksands. The meaning of the earth has gone from me. I'm on a land of grotesques—shapes that mop and mow at me and have no reality. The things they do the human brain can't conceive. It has been driving me mad—mad!" he cried, beating his head with his knuckles. "And yet I am sane now. Did you ever know what it was to be so sane that your soul was tortured with sanity? Oh, my God!"

He walked about the room, quivering from the outburst. Clementina regarded him with amazed interest. This was a new, undreamed-of Quixtus—a human creature that had passed through torment.

"Tell me what is on your mind," she said quietly. "It might ease it."

"No," said he, halting before her. "Not to my dying day. There are things one must keep within oneself till they eat away one's vitals. I wish to Heaven I had never come here!"

"You came here on an errand of mercy; and, so far as you were concerned, you performed it."

"I came here with hate in my heart, I tell you. I came here on an errand of evil. And outside the door of his room my purpose failed me—and I sent him my love. And then I went in and saw him—dead."

"And you forgave him," said Clementina.

"No; I prayed that God would."

He turned away. Clementina rose from her chair by the writing table and followed him. "What was between you and Will Hammersley?"

For an instant he had an impulse to tell her—she looked so strong, so honest; but he checked it. Confidence was impossible. The shame of the dead must be buried with the dead. He pointed to the documents lying on the table.

"He thought I never knew—I never knew!" said he.

"I give it up," said Clementina.

A memory smote him. He bent his brows upon her. His eyes were sad and clear.

"You have no inkling of the matter?"

"None in the least," she broke out impatiently. "If I had do you suppose I'd be cross-questioning you? I'd be trying to help you, as I want to do."

He threw himself wearily into a chair and leaned his head on his hand.

"I've had queer experiences of late," he said. "I've learned to trust nobody. How can I tell that you're sincere in saying you want to help me?"

Clementina puckered up her face.

"What's that? Here am I, who have been abusing you all your life, now doing violence to my traditions and saying, Let us kiss and be friends—just at the very moment when you want friends more than you ever did in your born days—and you ask me if I'm sincere! Did you ever know me to be even decently polite to creatures I didn't care about?"

Clementina was indignant. The faint shadow of a smile passed across Quixtus' face.

"You've not always been polite to me, Clementina. This change to solicitude is surprising. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Which means"

"Do you suppose you're the only person who knows tags out of the Latin grammar?" she snapped. Then she laughed in her dry way. "Don't let us begin to quarrel. We've got a child—you and I. I hope you realize that. If we were its real father and mother we might quarrel with impunity. As we're not, we can't. What are we going to do?"

Quixtus thought deeply for a long time. His sensitive nature shrank from the duty imposed. If he accepted it he would be the dead man's dupe to the end of the chapter.

"You have seen the little girl?" he inquired at last.

"Yes—been with her most of the day."

"Do you like her?"

She regarded him with whimsical pity.

"Oh, yes; I like her," she said.

"Then why not keep her to yourself? I am not bound by Hammersley's wishes. All I have to do is to decline to act either as executor or trustee."

Clementina's heart leaped in the most unregenerate manner. To have Sheila all to herself, without let or hindrance from her impossible co-trustee! She was staggered by the sudden, swift temptation that struck at the roots of her unfulfilled womanhood. For a while she dallied with it deliciously.

"If it's agreeable to you I'll decline to act," said Quixtus after a spell of silence.

Clementina strangled the serpent in a flash and cast it from her. To purchase happiness at the price of human infirmity! No! She would play squarely with life. Feminine instinct told her that the care of the child was needful for this weary man's salvation. She attacked him with more roughness than she intended—the eddy of her own struggle.

"What right have you to shirk your responsibilities? That's what you've always done—and see where it has landed you! I'm not going to be a party to it. It's pure and simple cowardice, and I have no patience with it."

"Perhaps I deserve your reproaches," said Quixtus mildly. "But the present circumstances are so painful"

"Painful!" she interrupted. "Man, what does it matter whether they're painful or not? Do you suppose I've gone through six-and-thirty years without pain? I've had awful pain, hellish pain—as much pain as a woman and an artist and a scarecrow can suffer. That's new to you, isn't it? But you've never seen me making a hullabaloo about it. We've got to bear pain in the world; and the more we grin, the better we bear it, and—what is a precious sight more useful—the more we help others to bear it. Who are you, Ephraim Quixtus, that you should be exempt from pain?"

She turned to the marble mantelpiece and rolled a cigarette. Quixtus said nothing, but sat tugging at his scrubby mustache.

"That child," she said—and she paused to lick the cigarette—"that child of five is doomed to pain. Some of it all the love in the world can't prevent. It's a law of life. But some it can. It can shield her from the tortures of the damned. That's another law of life, thank God! By taking pain upon us, we can also save others pain. That's another law. I suppose we have to thank Jesus Christ for that. And Fate has put this tender thing into our hands to save it, if possible, from the pain that both you and I have endured. To reject the privilege is the act of a cowardly devil, not of a man!"

As she stood there in her slatternly blouse and tousled hair, brandishing the wetted cigarette yet enunciating, as she had seldom condescended to do to a fellow creature, her ruggedly tender philosophy of life, she looked almost beautiful in the eyes of the man who had awakened from a nightmare into the sober grayness of an actual dawn.

She lit the cigarette with fingers unwontedly trembling and feverishly drew in the first few puffs.

"Well? What are you going to do?"

Quixtus breathed hard with parted lips and stared at the future. It is difficult, after a nightmare madness, to adjust the mind to the sane outlook. But she had moved him to the depths—the depths that through all his madness had remained untroubled.

"You are right, Clementina," he said at last in a low voice. "I will share with you this great responsibility."

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She blew out a puff of smoke. "I don't think it ought to turn our hair white anyhow," she said, sitting on the arm of the sofa. "The child's past teething; so we sha'n't have to sit up at nights over Advice to Mothers and our common-sense will tell us not to fill her up every day with *pâté de foie gras*. When she's ill we'll send for a doctor and when we want to do business we'll send for a lawyer. It strikes me, Ephraim, that having another interest in life besides dead men's jawbones will do you a thundering lot of good!"

"Would you like something to do me good?" he asked, with a touch of wistful banter.

Clementina, as she afterward confessed, felt herself to be on such a sky-high plane of self-abnegation and altruism that she thrust down, figuratively speaking, angelic arms toward him. Really, the mothering instinct again clamored. She threw her half-smoked cigarette away and, standing over him, clutched his shoulder.

"My good Ephraim," she said, "I would give anything to see you a happy human being."

Then, in her abrupt fashion, she sent him out to take the air. That also would do him good. She stuck his hat and stick in his hand.

"What are you going to do, Clementina?" he asked.

"A thousand things. First, I must go upstairs and see whether the child's awake. I hate trusting her with that heathen imbecile."

"*Au revoir*, then," said Quixtus, moving away.

"Come back in good time to make the child's acquaintance," she shouted after him.

He paused on the threshold and looked at her irresolutely. He had a nervous dread of meeting the child.

He walked through the sun-filled streets, down the Cannebière, absently watched the baking quays and then, returning to the main thoroughfare, sat down beneath the awning of a café. An hour passed. It was time to go back and see his ward. He shrank morbidly from the ordeal. With a great effort he arose at last and walked to the hotel.

Clementina, Poynter and the child were in the vestibule—the two elders seated in the wickerwork chairs, the little one squatting on the ground at their feet and playing with the mongrel and somewhat supercilious dog of the hotel. Quixtus halted in front of the group. The child lifted her flowerlike face to the newcomer.

"Is this ——" he began.

"This is Sheila," said Clementina. "Get up, dear, and say how do you do to your new uncle."

She held out her hand with shy politeness—he looked so long and gaunt, and towered over her tiny self.

"How do you do, Uncle—Uncle ——" she turned to Clementina.

"Ephraim," she prompted.

"Uncle Ephraim?"

"No wonder the poor little innocent doesn't remember such a name," remarked Clementina.

He bent and solemnly wagged the soft hand for some time; then, not knowing what to do with it, he let it go.

"Do you know Bimbo?"

"No," said Quixtus.

"Bimbo—*patte!*"

The mongrel lifted his paw.

"You must shake hands with him and then you will know him," she said seriously.

Quixtus, with a grave face, bent lower and shook hands with the dog.

"And Pinkie!"

She lifted the dirty white plush cat. In an embarrassed way he wagged a stumpy forefoot.

Sheila turned to Clementina. "Now he knows everybody."

Clementina kissed her and arose from her seat, Poynter rising also.

"You'll be a good girl if I leave you with Uncle Ephraim for a while?"

"My dear Clementina!" cried Quixtus aghast. "What do you mean?"

A gleam of kind malice flickered in her eyes.

"I find I must have some air, in my turn. *Au revoir!* I sha'n't be long, Sheila dear."

She moved with Poynter toward the door.

"But, Clementina ——"

"If she bites you've only to call that lump of celestial idiocy over there," pointing to the fat Chinese nurse who sat smiling in her dark corner. "You're protected! And, by the way," she added in a whisper,

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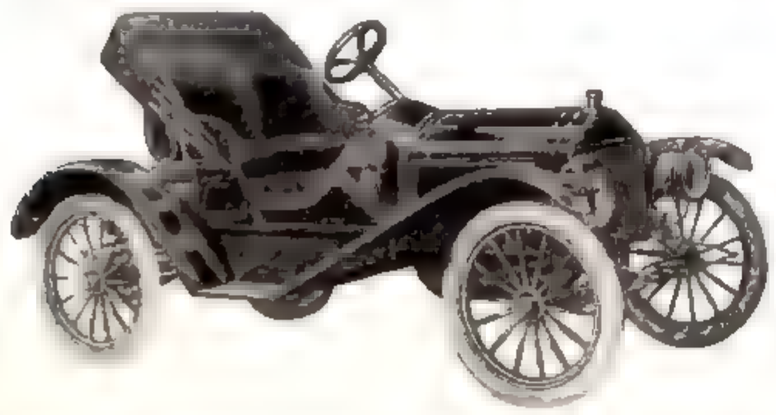

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"she doesn't know her father's dead yet. Leave it to me to break the news."

She was gone. Quixtus sank, a perspiring embarrassment, into one of the wicker chairs. A scurvy trick, he thought, of Clementina to leave him in this appalling situation. Yet shame prevented flight. He sat there, bending his mild china-blue eyes on Sheila, who had returned unconcernedly to Bimbo, putting him through his tricks. He gave his paw and sat up on end and while doing so yawned in a bored fashion. During this latter posture Sheila sat up on her little haunches and held her hands in front of her and yawned in imitation. Then she set Pinkie on end facing the dog. Lastly she looked up at her new uncle.

"You do that too. Then we'll all be doing it."

"God bless my soul!" said the startled man. "I—I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old."

She seemed, for the moment, satisfied with the reason and resumed her game with Bimbo. After the yawn he grinned with doggy fatuity and his long red tongue lolled from the corner of his mouth. Sheila stuck out her little red tongue in droll mimicry.

"Don't wag your tail, Bimbo. It isn't fair, because I've got no tail. Why haven't I a tail, Uncle Eph—Eph—Uncle Eph'im?"

"Because you're a little girl and not a dog."

At that moment the plush cat, insecurely balanced, toppled over.

"God bless my soul!" cried the little parrot. "You're too old, Pinkie."

"Sheila," said Quixtus, realizing in a frightened way his responsibility, "come here!"

With perfect docility she rose and laid a hand on his knee. Bimbo, perceiving himself liberated from the boredom of mountebank duty, twisted himself up and snarled comfortably at fleas in the middle of his back.

"You mustn't say 'God bless my soul!' my dear."

"Why not? You said it."

There are instinctive answers in grown-ups—just as there are instinctive questions in children.

"Old people can say things that little girls mustn't—just as old people can sit up later than little girls."

She regarded him with frank seriousness.

"I know. Daddy says 'damn,' but I mustn't. I never say it. Pinkie said it once—and I put her in a dark, dark hole for twenty million years. It wasn't really twenty million years, you know—it was only ten minutes—but Pinkie thought it was."

"She must have been very frightened," said Quixtus involuntarily—and the echo of the words after passing his lips sounded strange in his ears.

"She got quite white," said Sheila. She picked up the shapeless animal. "She never recovered. Look!"

"She also lost one side of her whiskers," said Quixtus, inspecting the beast held within two inches of his nose.

"Oh, no," she replied, getting in the most entangling way between his legs. "Pinkie's a fairy princess; and one day she'll have a crown and a pink dress and a gold sword. It's a wicked fairy that keeps her like a cat. And it was the wicked fairy, in the shape of a big rat—bigger than twenty million, billion, billion houses—that bit off her whiskers. Daddy told me."

Quixtus could not follow these transcendental flights of faerie, but he had to make some reply, as she was looking with a straight challenge into his eyes. To his astonishment he found himself expressing the hope that, when Pinkie came into her own again, the loss of one set of whiskers would not impair her beauty. Sheila explained that princesses didn't have whiskers; so no harm was done. The bad fairy in the form of a rat wanted to bite off Pinkie's nose, in which case her beauty would have been ruined; but Pinkie was protected by a good fairy, and just when the bad fairy was going to bite off her nose the good fairy shook a pepper-pot—and the bad fairy sneezed and was only able to bite off the whiskers.

"That was very fortunate for Pinkie," said Quixtus.

"Very," said Sheila. She stood against him on one leg, swinging the other. Conversation came to a standstill. The man found himself tongue-tied. All kinds of idiotic remarks came into his head. He dismissed them as not being suitable to the comprehension of a child of five. His fingers mechanically twisted themselves in her soft hair. Presently came the eternal command of childhood:

"Tell me a story."

"Good gracious!" said he. "I'm afraid I don't know any."

"You must know Little Red Riding-Hood," she said, with a touch of scorn.

"Perhaps I do. I wonder," said Quixtus. He clutched eagerly at a straw. "But what's the use of my telling it to you if you know it already?"

She ran and picked up the sprawling cat and calmly established herself on his knees. Bimbo, neglected, uttered a whining growl and, curling himself up with his chin by his tail, dropped into a morose slumber.

"Tell it to Pinkie. She's stupid and always forgets the stories. Now begin."

Quixtus hemmed and hawed and at last plunged desperately: "There was once a wolf who ate up Red Riding-Hood's grandmother."

"That's not it," interrupted Sheila. "There was once a sweet little girl who lived with her grandmother. That's the proper way."

Quixtus floundered. Let any one who has never told a tale to a child, and has never heard of Red Riding-Hood for at least five-and-thirty years, try to recount her tragical history. Quixtus had to tell it to an expert in the legend—a fearsome undertaking. At last, with her aid he stumbled through. Pinkie, staring at him through her bead eyes, evidently couldn't make head or tail of it. Being punched in the midriff by her young protectress, she emitted a wheezy squeak.

"Pinkie says 'Thank you'!" Sheila remarked politely.

"And what do you say?" asked the blundering elder.

Now what had been good enough to merit Pinkie's thanks had not been good enough to merit hers. Besides, such as it was, she had told half the story. With delicate diplomacy she had handled a difficult situation. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Good gracious!" murmured Quixtus in terror. "She is going to cry! What on earth can I do?"

His wits worked quickly. He remembered a recent sitting in the folk-lore section of the Anthropological Congress.

"I suppose, my dear, a story current among the aborigines of Papua wouldn't interest you?"

Her eyes dried magically. She snuggled up against him.

"Tell me."

So Quixtus began a story about serpents and tigers and shiny, copper-colored children; and, knowing the facts of the folk-tale, he gradually grew interested and unconsciously discovered a new talent for picturesque narration. One story led to another.

He forgot himself and his wrongs, and pathetically strove to interest his audience and explain to her childish mind the significance of tribal mysteries that were woven into the texture of the tales. Their explanation left her comparatively cold; but, so long as there were tigers whose blood-curdling ferocity she adored, she found the story entrancing.

"There!" said he, laughing when he had come to an end. "What do you think of that?"

"It's booful!" she cried; and clambering on both knees on to his lap she put both hands on his shoulders and held up her mouth for a kiss.

In this touching attitude Clementina and Poynter discovered them. The newcomers exchanged a whimsical glance of intelligence.

"Wise woman!" Poynter murmured.

"Obvious to any fool," she retorted; and advancing farther into the vestibule, "Feeling decidedly better?"

Quixtus blushed in confusion. Sheila climbed down from her perch and ran to Clementina.

"Oh, Auntie, Uncle Eph'im has been telling me such lovely stories!"

She turned on him. "What do you know about stories?"

"They were tribal legends of Papua," he confessed modestly.

"And what else have you been doing?"

Quixtus made her one of his old-world bows.

"I've been falling in love."

"You're getting on!" said Clementina.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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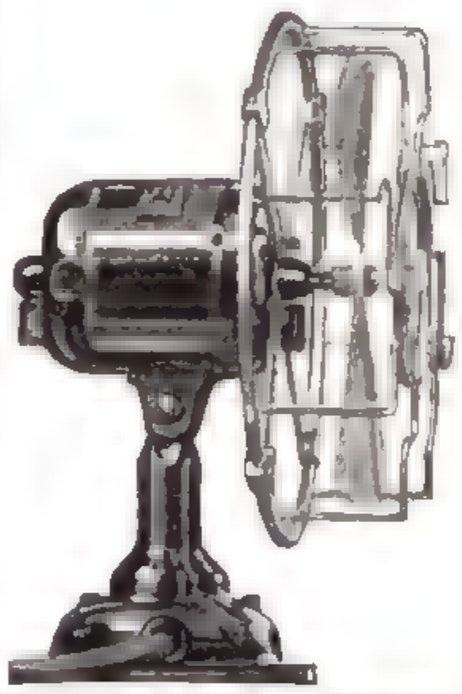

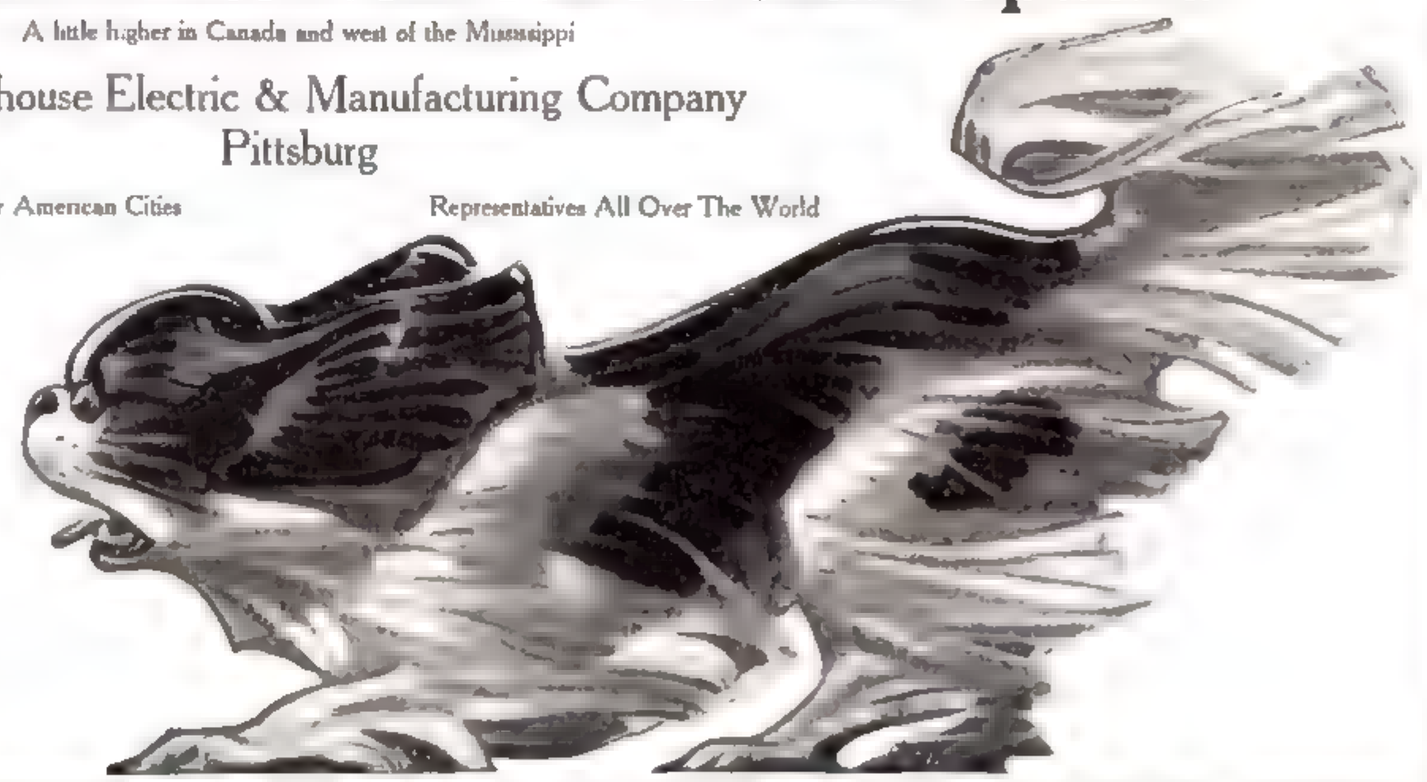

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THE NAMELESS THING

(Continued from Page 6)

The big man smiled. "Did you think I was losing my nerve, eh, Charlie?" he said.

"Judging from the gait you were hitting up that rotten line of talk, I did," replied the doctor.

"The talk's all right, Charlie, believe me."

The doctor laughed.

"Then your mysterious influence ought to be on my side," he said: "I've been doing its work for a couple of years."

The big man took the stogy out of his mouth.

"Sure, Charlie," he said, "I hadn't thought of that."

The doctor continued to smile. "Well," he said, "we shall see if it is."

"And if it is, you stay on the job?"

The doctor sat down; his face lengthened into an ironical smile, he put out his legs and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I'm willing to back my own intelligence," he said; "I've worked the thing out. I've considered everything and provided for every contingency. I'm not taking any chance. If your mysterious influence can trip me O. K.; I'll stay on the job." Then he jerked himself up.

"What drivel!" he said. "An incompetent jackass makes a rotten plan, and when it goes to pieces he says some supernatural agency threw him down; or some lotos-eater blows a big shiny bubble, and when it collides with the sharp edge of a fact he says that Heaven's against him! Or some old stiff forgets the part he's playing.

"Look at the men you've been talking about: Take Vronsky. He planned to kill Gates. He found out that the old man worked in his library with the window open. It was summer, and the library looked into the garden. Vronsky reasoned that he could go into that garden on a dark night, shoot Gates, and that under cover of the darkness no one would know who it was that had done it.

"Vronsky was right about several things: He knew that he could get away. He knew that no one would suspect him unless he was seen, because he was believed to be in Australia; and with his skill with a gun he knew that he would not miss. Moreover, he knew that, he being in the dark and Gates in the light, Gates could not see his assassin even if he were not instantly killed.

"Now that was all sound. Everything that Vronsky thought about, he figured out right—but there was one thing that Vronsky didn't think about. Well, he pulled it off the way he planned—and what happened? Gates saw Vronsky's face by the flash of the pistol and shouted his name as he fell. Now, what had Heaven to do with that?

"Take Ponsford: What did he do? He'd cracked the Empire Bank and the whole country was looking for him. He was hiding over on the East Side, and he was safe; but he got lonesome one night, put into his pocket the small tool with which a burglar forces a window, and went down on Long Island to rob a house. The village police picked him up. When he saw them coming he threw his tool into the gutter. The police asked him what it was he threw away and he said it was a stogy.

"That was all right. The police believed him. They took him to the station-house, looked him over and told him he could go. Well, what did the old fool do? He sat round and got chummy with the police, and finally, when one of them offered him a cigar, he said that he didn't smoke!

"Was that Providence, or luck, or chance? Nonsense! The thing is to make your plan exclude these contingencies."

"Man," said Arkman, "you've got to take a chance."

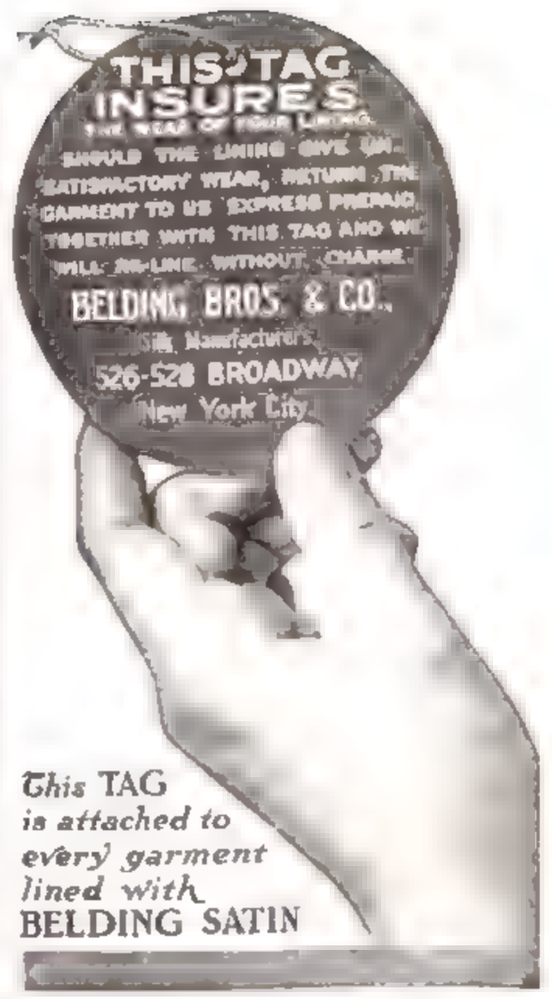
"No, you haven't," replied the doctor; "there's where your brains come in."

"Why, Charlie," said Arkman, "you're taking a chance right here. Suppose your watchman doesn't swallow his dope; there are a dozen things that might keep a man from taking a dose of medicine."

"There's nothing that will keep that man from taking his," said the doctor.

"Why?" said Arkman.

"Because he has already taken it," replied the doctor. "Damn it, man, do you think I'm a fool! I planned his medicine to run out today, and when he came here at nine o'clock for some more I gave him the tablets myself. I had to be sure of him; he'd shoot you to death before you got the key in the lock."



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Again the big man whistled low and softly. He turned around in his chair; he put his hands together on the table. He looked at the doctor with a quiet smile.

"Charlie," he said, "you're a wonder!"

The doctor took out his watch. "It's about time we were getting the traps together," he said, and he rose. He started to go behind the calico curtains, when a sound reached him and he stopped. It was the sound of horses plunging in that canal of batter, and a minute later a voice called. The doctor went to the door. The night was black as ink and the rain pattered on the soft mud. A man riding a horse and leading another was there in the road.

"Is that you, Doc?" he said.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Then git in this saddle quick. A scantlin' fell at the Jones No. 1 and cut the driller's head open. The blood's spurtin' like a gusher."

"Damn it!" cried the doctor, "was there no one to put his finger on the artery?"

"Yes," said the man; "Hinkle's got his thumb on it, but he can't hold it there all night. Hurry, for Heaven's sake!"

The doctor sprang for his saddle-pockets.

Arkman got up. "Charlie," he said, "you're not going, are you?"

The doctor did not seem to hear him. He was jamming his arms into the sleeves of his greatcoat; the muscles of his face were stern and rigid.

Arkman went up close to him. "Come, Charlie," he said, "you're sure not going to throw the job?"

The doctor replied with an oath—and he was gone. The door banged behind him and the horses galloped in the flying mud.

The man went over to the little dingy window and looked out into the vat of ink. He stood there for a long time with his hands behind him. Finally he sat down, fingered the box of stogies, at last took one out, carefully cut the end of it and lighted it at the candle. The end of the cigar glowed and he sat motionless. Two hours passed. The man's face seemed to have lengthened and grown old.

Then the door opened and the doctor entered. Arkman looked up. The doctor flung his soaked coat into a corner, wiped the mud from his face with a dirty towel, jerked the calico curtain aside, and began to empty the contents of his saddle-pockets out onto the bed.

"Get up, Arkman," he said, "we've got to hurry."

The big man did not move.

"Hurry for what?" he said.

The doctor turned sharply.

"Are you asleep?"

"No, I'm not asleep," he said; "but you're not going to risk the job after that, are you?"

"After what?" said the doctor.

"After that—that—warning."

The doctor looked at the man a moment in astonishment, then he began to curse.

"Warning! Are you that big a fool? Don't things happen all the time: don't men come for the doctor at all hours of the night? Don't be an idiot."

"But, Charlie," replied the man, "you said ——"

The doctor interrupted him with an oath.

"Are you still harking on that drivel?" Then he turned savagely. "If you're going with me, come on."

"And if I don't go?" said the man.

"Then," cried the doctor, "I'll do it myself!" And he caught hold of the door. When his fingers touched the latch the door swung, and the old negro fell into the room. The doctor caught him by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"You back here again!" he cried.

"Don't, Doc," the negro whined; "I want to tell you somethin'."

"Then why didn't you tell it when you were here before?" said the doctor.

"I . . . I . . . was 'fraid to," the negro stuttered.

The doctor shook him.

"Out with it; what is it?"

"This mornin', Doc, . . . when I was sweepin' . . . I spilled all the stuff out of one of them little bottles into the water bucket, an' I filled it up out of one of them cans."

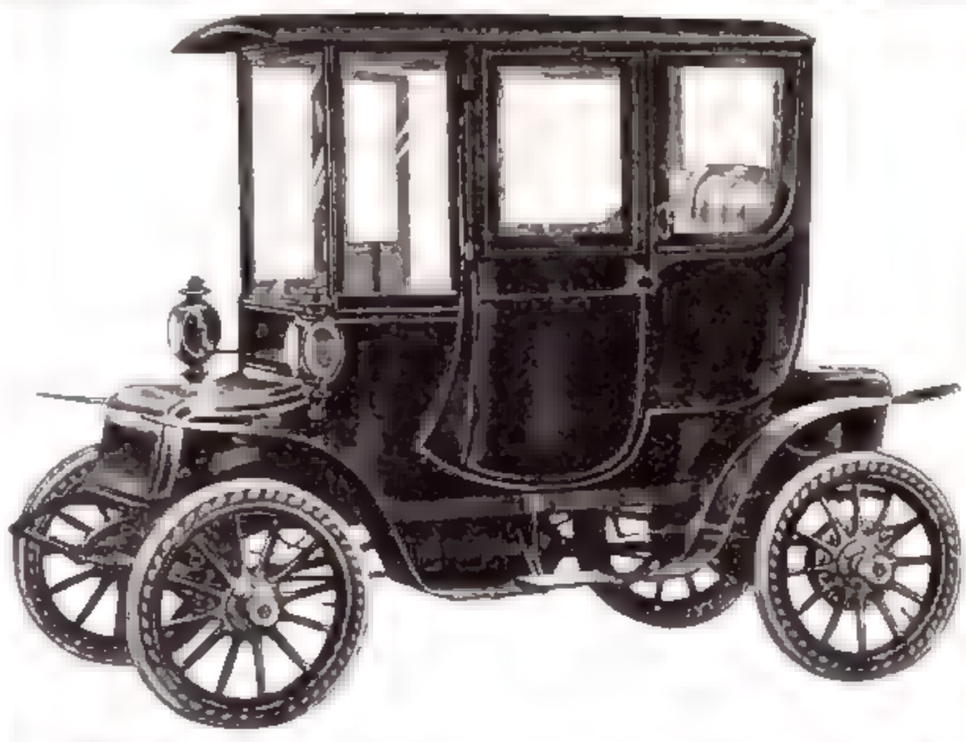
"What can?" cried the doctor. "You'll kill somebody, you fool!"

"That can," replied the negro.

The doctor seized it. His face changed.

"That wouldn't hurt anybody," he said, "that's soda—now what bottle did you knock over?"

And the negro pointed to the bottle of morphine.



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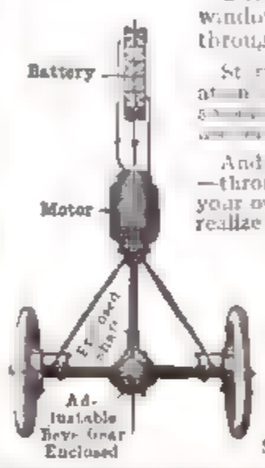

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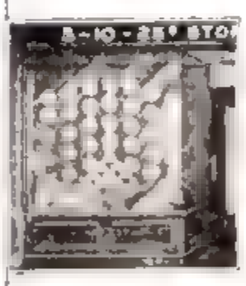

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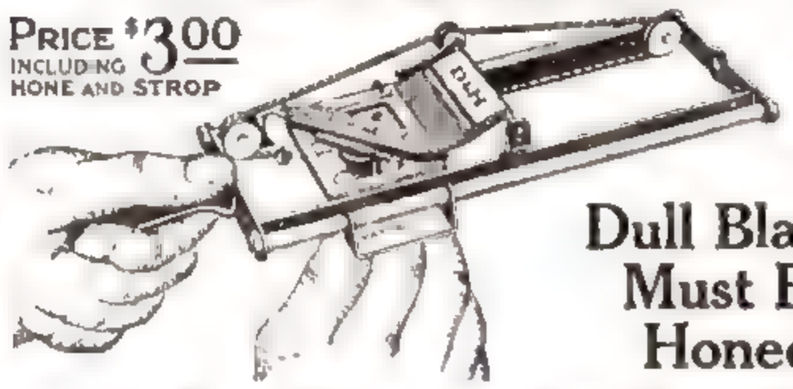

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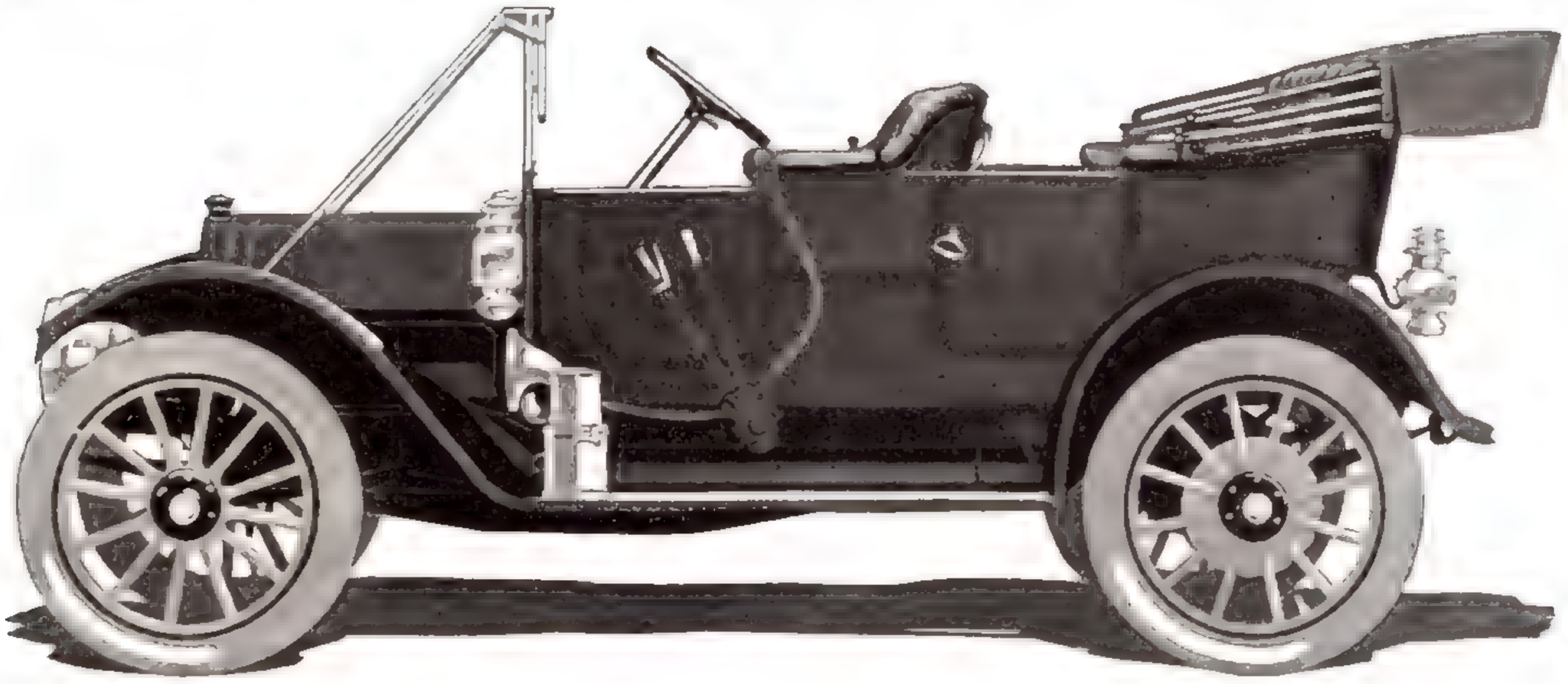

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Motor Car Industry REO $1000

The Motor Cylinders and pistons are of the closest possible grain cast iron; that means strength, hardness, and smoothness. The cylinder and the pistons and rings are subjected to such tests as are not required in many of the most costly cars: chemical tests, tests for hardness, for accuracy to a fraction of a thousandth of an inch.
(This is true of every part of the Reo requiring such tests to make sure of quality; so that we needn't mention it again.)

The cylinders are cast in pairs, which is the best practice known, combining lightness with ample space for adjustable bearings.

4-inch bore and 4½-inch stroke with a long connecting rod which reduces side thrust of piston on cylinder, thereby avoiding loss of power, wear on pistons and improving lubrication. This is found in only the best cars and has always been a Reo feature.

Large valves. The inlet valve is at top of cylinder, instead of dividing the available space between two necessarily smaller and less efficient valves for both exhaust and intake. The exhaust valve is on the side of the cylinder, of which the valve-seat is actually a part, so that it can be thoroughly water-jacketed. The cooling water goes direct from the radiator, while the water is at its coolest, to the exhaust valves, which is the hottest part of the cylinder. This means the most efficient cooling making it impossible for the valve to overheat or warp.

The connecting-rods are easily adjusted through hand-holes in the side of the crank-case; and the main-bearing adjustments are made on the outside without opening or dismantling the motor. This last and most important adjustment can be made by an inexperienced person in fifteen minutes; in all other cars it must be done by an expert taking a couple of days.

The cam-shaft is of large diameter, running in three bronze bearings and is easily taken out without removing the cams. The cam-gears are spiral; they roll into each other like screws and are noiseless. The cam-shaft is offset, allowing quick opening of valves and avoiding the side-thrust and wear upon the valve-lifters. The cams are quiet.

The oiling system delivers oil direct to the main bearings, and the face of the cam-gears. The oil then gravitates to partitioned reservoirs in the bottom of the crank-case, whence it is distributed under perfect control in a fine spray to the working side of the cylinders and pistons. The oil can't get dirty. The pump can't clog and stop the supply of oil. It is perfectly self cleaning.

Throughout the whole Reo mechanism there is never any leakage of oil or any admission of dirt into working parts.

Carburetor The Reo carburetor is extremely efficient, which is highly important in these days of inferior gasoline.

People do not realize that it is almost impossible nowadays to buy gasoline of such quality as was regularly sold a few years ago. The Reo carburetor, with its hot air intake and other efficient means of vaporizing, neutralizes this evil.

Ignition Dry battery and magneto, with the simplest sort of dash control. The Reo laboratory test insists not only on perfect sparking under high compression but requires that the magneto shall be run continuously under the most trying conditions at a very rapid speed for several days at a time ten hours a day.

Perhaps this test is too exacting; but is any test too exacting when you consider that if you have no spark the car will not go?

The Clutch Practice differs. Some of the best cars use cone or band clutch, the oldest forms. Some use the multiple disc, alternate plates of bronze and steel. The Reo prefers the multiple disc because it wears better and prevents grabbing, which is unpleasant for the passengers and strains the transmission and axles. The discs in the Reo are of ample surface for effectiveness and wear, and very numerous, which allows the use of light springs. The clutch takes hold gradually and smoothly and lets go positively when released; the plates are not merely allowed to come apart, they are pulled apart. The Reo clutch is easily removed without disturbing the transmission or motor, all parts are easily accessible, the entire clutch mechanism is self contained. The clutch is connected with the transmission with universal joint to preserve the alignment.

The Transmission The transmission is of the selective type, with three speeds forward and reverse. The important thing here is quality—hardness and strength of material. The Reo laboratory tests the gears by a crushing machine, exerting at least 27½ tons pressure on the pitch line of the gear exactly and uniformly. This costs more than the usual inexact and unscientific hammer test, but is well worth the money.

Drive Shaft Nickel steel bar hardened and heat-treated with Timken roller bearings at each end and connected with the transmission by universal joint which is packed in a lubricant fed to it from the transmission case. Remember: no leakage of oil from any part of the Reo.

Rear Axle The Reo rear axle is of the best material known for the purpose and like every other part of the Reo mechanism is subjected to the complete laboratory test: chemical analysis, crushing, gear test and tensile test. The axle is of semi-floating type and has Timken roller bearings on each side of the compensating gear and Hyatt High Duty roller bearings with removable sleeves at the wheel end of the axles. As you know, there is no higher grade of construction than this.

Front Axle I-Beam drop forged with four Timken roller bearings, two on each hub.

Brakes Two large 14-inch brakes on each rear wheel, where they belong. A transmission brake puts wholly unnecessary strain upon the mechanism. A foot-lever operates the exterior band brakes, a hand-lever operates the interior expanding brakes.

Tires 34-inch x 3½-inch quick detachable tires with Goodyear rims. This is a very generous tire equipment and will last very much longer than the tires used on heavy cars; for you must bear in mind that the light weight Reo is very easy on tires. Reo tire bills are very low.

Springs The front half-elliptic and the rear three-quarter elliptic are of the highest quality, and as the Reo is very light they can be made very easy riding. In all motoring there is nothing equal for comfort to the Reo light weight and resilient spring construction.

Steering The Reo control is on the left hand side of the car where it ought to be. Think of any road situation and you must see that this is so. Stopping at the right hand curb (prescribed by law in most large cities, and common sense and safety everywhere) the front seat passenger can dismount direct to the pavement; so can the driver. Meeting other cars in the road, the driver is close to the car he is meeting. Turning into another road at the left (which is the dangerous turn) the driver can see better where he is going and what is coming back of him. And so on. Think of any emergency without prejudice and the common sense of left hand control will be apparent.

The steering wheel is aluminum and hard rubber, costing about three or four times as much as the usual wooden steering wheel. The steering gear is exceedingly simple and strong. One adjustment, which is easily accessible, takes up all lost motion that is caused by wear. The steering gear is set so that the car always works straight ahead except when it is in a rut, in which case it follows the rut. This makes driving very easy.

And Now Why $1000?

Because the time has come when we can do it—that's all. The Reo car has become standardized; the factory has got into such system and discipline that it works to the limit of economy and efficiency; same with the Sales Department. And this better price for a better car will increase the sales of the Reo to such an extent as to make possible further economies throughout the whole organization.

No catalog yet but your Reo dealer has the car. Write to us if you have any trouble getting "next to" a Reo.

R M Owen & Company Lansing Mich General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Company**

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 14)

perform the like services for them, in the after event the said party of the first part to receive as a further consideration a commission of one-third of the fees of the party of the second part procured therefrom.

In Witness Whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year above written.

( )

Armed with these insinuating documents I procured a fresh roll of one hundred one-dollar bills and set forth to interview all whose acquaintance I had made in the course of my brief residence in the city. My argument ran thus: Almost anybody would be willing to receive a dollar every month in return for a service that would cost him nothing. With an outlay of one hundred dollars I could have a hundred persons virtually in my employ trying to get me business. After the first month I could discontinue with those who seemed likely to prove unremunerative. Almost any case would return in fees as much as my original disbursement. On the whole it seemed a pretty safe investment and the formal-looking contract would tend to increase the sense of obligation upon the contracting party of the first part. Nor did my forecast of the probabilities prove at all wide of the mark. Practically every one to whom I put the proposition readily accepted my dollar and signed the agreement, and at the end of a week my one hundred dollars had been distributed among all the cab drivers, conductors, waiters, elevator men, clerks, bartenders, actors, hall boys and storekeepers that I knew or with whom I could scrape an acquaintance. All of them welcomed with delight the idea of profiting by the misfortunes of their friends.

I had often lost or won at a single sitting at cards a much larger sum than the one I was now risking in what seemed an excellent business proposition, so that the money involved caused me no uneasiness. Besides I had fifty dollars left in my pocket. Meantime I spent my evenings in my office reading Blackstone and such textbooks as I cared to borrow.

Business came, however, with unexpected promptitude. At the end of the first week I had received calls from two actors who desired to sue their managers for damages for breach of contract, five waiters who wished to bring actions for wages due, an actress who wanted a separation from her husband, a bartender who was charged with assault for knocking the teeth of an unruly customer down his throat, and a boy whose leg had been crushed under an elevator. Each of these I made sign an agreement that I should receive half of any sum recovered for seeing that they received proper legal advice and service, and each of them I sent over to Counselor Gottlieb, with whom I executed a mutual contract to divide evenly the fees received.

The reader will notice that I did not technically hold myself out as a lawyer in these contracts and merely agreed to furnish counsel. Thus I flattered myself I was keeping on the lee side of the law. Gottlieb settled the case of the boy for twelve hundred dollars and we divided six hundred between us, and the other cases that came in the first month netted us three hundred dollars apiece more. The future began to look bright enough, as I had to distribute as commissions only two hundred dollars, which left me a gross profit of four hundred dollars. With this I secured fifty new contracts, and after paying the second installments upon all the first I pocketed as a net result two hundred and fifty dollars cash. I now had a growing business at my back, finding it necessary to employ an office assistant, and accordingly selected for that purpose an old actor who was no longer able to walk the boards but who still retained the ability to speak his part. For a weekly wage of ten dollars this elderly gentleman agreed to sit in my office and hold forth upon my ability, shrewdness and learning to all such as called in my absence. In the afternoons I assumed charge myself and sent him forth armed with contracts to secure new allies.

My business soon increased to such an extent that it bade fair to take up all my

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time, and the bookkeeping end of it, with its complicated division of receipts, proved not a little difficult. The amazement of my friend Gottlieb knew no bounds, but as it was a profitable arrangement for him he asked no questions and remained in ignorance as to the source of my stream of clients, until one of his friends, to whom my assistant had made application, showed him one of the contracts. That night he sent for me to come to his office, and after offering me a very large and exceedingly good Havana cigar delivered himself as follows:

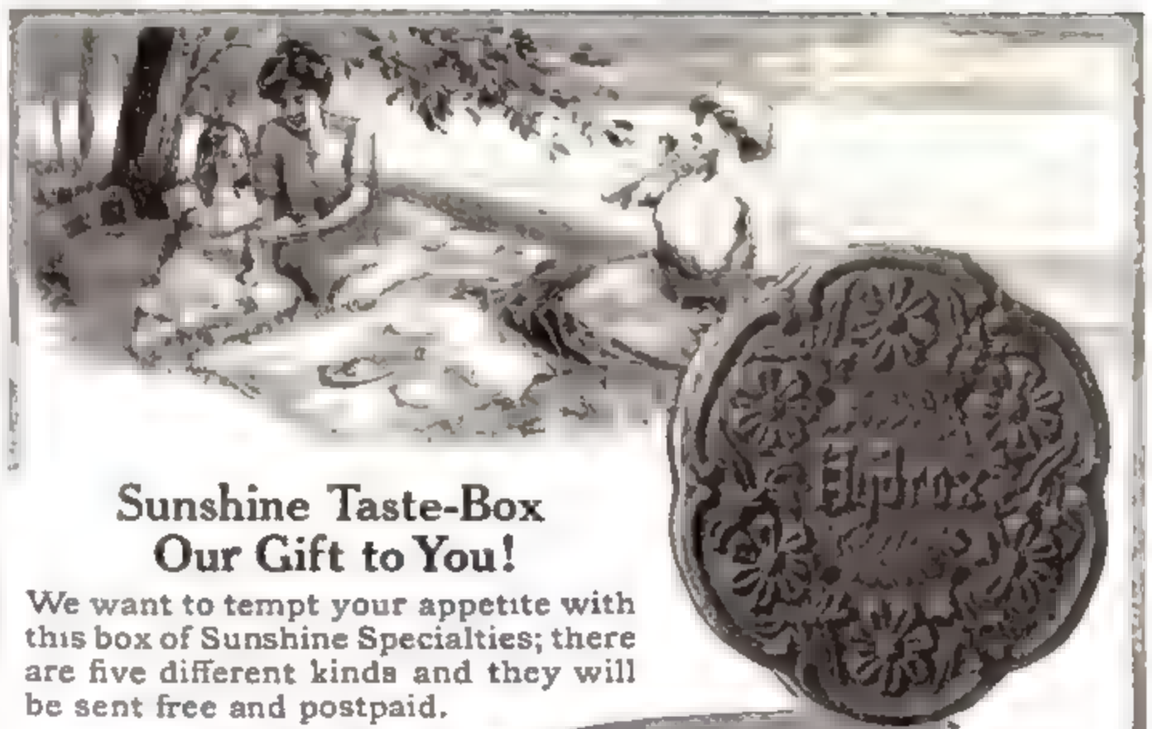
"Harkee, Quib, you are more of a fellow than I took you for. You have more cleverness than any man of your years in my acquaintance at the bar. This scheme of yours, now, it's a veritable gold mine. Not but that anybody could make use of it. It can't be patented, you know. But it's excellently devised, no one will deny that. What do you say to a partnership, eh? On the same terms?"

Now I had more than once thought of the same thing myself, but the idea of associating myself in business with an out-and-out criminal attorney had to my mind serious drawbacks. We discussed the matter at length, however, and Gottlieb pointed out very wisely that I was running a great risk in distributing broadcast cards upon which appeared the unauthorized name of Haight & Foster, as well as in conducting an office under my own name, when in fact I was but an attorney's clerk downtown. My connection and association with such a reputable firm was an asset not to be jeopardized lightly, and he advised my withdrawing so far as I could all my cards from circulation and conducting my business *sub rosa*. In the end we came to an understanding which we reduced to writing. I was to become a silent partner in Gottlieb's business and my office was to become a branch of his, my own name being entirely in abeyance. This arrangement pleased me very well, as under it I ran practically no risk of having my activities discovered by my employers.

It is somewhat difficult to know just in what order to present these memoirs to the reader, for from this time on my life became a very varied one. Had I the time I should like nothing better than to paint for my own satisfaction an old-fashioned law office as it was conducted in the seventies: its insistent note of established respectability, the suppressed voices of its young men, their obvious politeness to each other and deference to clients, their horror at anything vulgar, the quiet, the irritating quiet, Mr. Wigger's red wig -he was the engrossing clerk—the lifelessness of the atmosphere of the place as if nothing real ever happened there, and as if the cases we prepared and tried were of interest only on account of the legal points involved. When I was there, filing papers in their dusty packages, I used to feel as though I were fumbling among the dust of clients long since dead and gone. The place stifled and depressed me. I longed for red blood and real life. There I was, acting as a clerk on nothing a year, when uptown I was in the center of the whirlpool of existence. It was with ill-concealed gratification that I used daily at one o'clock to enter the library, bow to whatever member of the firm happened to be there, remove a book from the shelves and slip out of the door. A horse car dropped me in half an hour at a hotel near my office. After I had snatched a sandwich and cup of coffee in the café I would dash up to my office, the door of which now bore the lettering:

ABRAHAM GOTTLIEB
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW
BRANCH OFFICE
SIDDONS KELLY, MANAGER

Siddons Kelly was the superannuated actor of whom I have already spoken, and when he was not, so to speak, in drink he was an invaluable person. He had followed the stage all his life, but he was of the sort that tears a passion to tatters and he had never risen above third-rate parts. In every respect save declamation he had all the elegances and charm of manner that the stage can give, and he would receive and bow out a scrubwoman—who had fallen down a flight of backstairs and wanted to make the landlord pay for her broken head—with a grace truly Chesterfieldian. This was all very fine until he had taken a



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One kind is called Hydrox—two crisp chocolate wafers and a layer of rich vanilla cream. The recipe originated with us and is guarded as a priceless treasure.

One is slightly gingered, another unsweetened and shortened with butter, another is delicately flavored with almond—and so on through the list—each has a substance and flavor of its own. Perhaps you have said you do not like bakery biscuits—then we invite you to nibble these dainties—we know you will be surprised.

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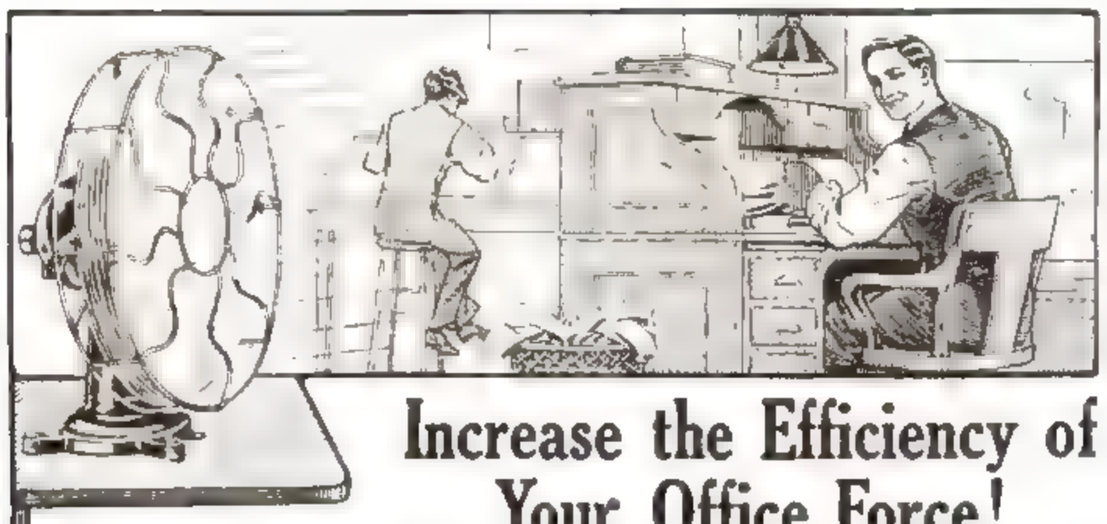

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drop too much, when his vocabulary would swell to such dimensions that the confused and embarrassed client would flee in self-protection unless fortunate enough to be rescued by Gottlieb or myself. Poor Kelly! He was a fine old type. And many a client then and later was attracted to my office by his refined and intellectual old face with its locks of silky gray. An old bachelor, he died alone in his little boarding-house, with a peaceful smile on his wrinkled face. He lies in Greenwood Cemetery. Over him is a simple stone—for which I paid—bearing, as he had requested, only the words:

SIDDONS KELLY
AN ACTOR

As may well be supposed, my professional career uptown was vastly more entertaining than my experiences at Haight & Foster's. My afternoons were filled with a constant procession of clients of all ages, sexes, colors and conditions. As the business grew and greater numbers of persons signed our contracts and received their honorarium of a dollar a month, a constantly increasing percentage of criminal or semi-criminal business came to the office. Of course there was no better criminal lawyer than Gottlieb in the city, and before long the criminals outnumbered our civil clients. At the same time I noticed a tendency on the part of the civil business to fall off, the reason for this probably being that my partner was known only as a criminal attorney. Now I began to dislike the idea of paying a dollar a month to induce people to refer business to us, and indeed I found that the disbursement of five or six hundred dollars every four weeks for this purpose was no trifling matter. Accordingly I decided to try letting them go for a month or so, but business fell off to such an alarming extent that I almost immediately resumed the contract system, merely reducing its proportions.

In addition to our "dollar-a-monthers," as we called them, Gottlieb employed half a dozen professional "runners," whose sole occupation it was to hunt down unfortunate persons injured accidentally and secure their cases. These employees made a business of joining as many social clubs, labor and other organizations as possible, and swinging the business in Gottlieb's direction. At one time the competition for accident cases became so fierce that if a man were run over on Broadway the rival runners would almost tear him limb from limb in their eagerness to get his case; and they would follow a dying man to the hospital and force their way on one pretext or another to his bedside. There used to be a story, which went the rounds of the clubs and barrooms, of a very swell old buck who owed an enormous amount of money and who happened to be knocked down and rendered insensible by a butcher's wagon. He was taken to the hospital and did not regain consciousness for several hours. When at last he opened his eyes he saw several dozen cards plastered upon the ceiling directly above his head, reading:

GO TO LEVY & FINKLESTEIN ATTORNEYS AT LAW WE GET YOU MONEY!	TRY YOST & JOHNSON IN THE BUSINESS 30 YEARS
SIMMONS & RILEY ATTORNEYS CAN GET YOU $5000 FOR A LEG	$10,000 FOR A LIVER
MOSES BLOOM THE HONEST LAWYER	SAMUEL SHARP COUNSELOR AT LAW

"Ah!" he murmured, rubbing his eyes and turning to the nurse; "I thought I was in some strange place, but I see that all my friends have been to call already!"

Our criminal business, however, was so extensive that it took practically all of Gottlieb's time, and he found it necessary to hire a couple of clerks to attend to the civil cases that came to us. My partner was obliged to spend the whole of almost every day in attendance at the criminal courts. Frequently he remarked jestingly that under the circumstances, as he had to give all his time to it anyway, he could as easily attend to all the criminal business of the city as to the small part of it that came to him.

"Well," I said to him one day, "why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?" he retorted.

"Get all the criminal business there is," I answered.

"Quib," he exclaimed excitedly, "have you got another of your ideas?"

"I think so," I returned. "How does this strike you? Why not issue a policy, like life or accident insurance, in which for a moderate sum you agree to defend *free of charge* any man accused of crime. You know that every criminal is always trying to save up money against the time when he shall be caught and have to hire a lawyer. Now it is true that these fellows pay very well, but there are not many that can pay a large fee. If you could get enough crooks to take out a policy at ten dollars each per year you might make a good thing of it."

"But how would we get our scheme going?" inquired my partner, with a gleam in his eye. "It certainly is a gold mine, if it will work."

That evening I drew up with great care a policy of insurance against the loss occasioned by having to employ counsel if arrested for crime. On its back was indorsed the following insidious philosophy:

"Innocent men, as well as guilty, are frequently arrested for violating the law. This costs money. Lawyers are notorious extortioners. For ten dollars a year we guarantee to defend you *for nothing* if charged with crime. Twenty-five dollars insures entire family. We make no distinction between ex-convicts and others."

My next task was to boom my scheme by successful advertising, and with this in view I persuaded Gottlieb to issue free policies to a dozen or so of the worst rascals that he knew. Naturally it was not long before one of them was arrested for some offense and Gottlieb as naturally succeeded in getting him off, with the as natural result that the fellow went all over town telling how one could be a burglar with impunity for ten dollars a year. At about the same time I heard of a man who was in the Tombs charged with murder, but who was almost certain to get off on account of the weakness of the case against him. I therefore visited the defendant and offered to give him a policy for ten dollars, in spite of the fact that he was already in jail. He snatched readily enough at the chance of getting as good a lawyer as Gottlieb to defend him for ten dollars, and when he was acquitted made so much of it that there was hardly a prisoner in the Tombs who did not send for one of our policies to guard against future legal difficulties. To all of these we offered free advice and a free trial upon the charges pending against them, as a sort of premium or inducement to become policy holders, and in six months had over two hundred subscribers. This meant in cash about two thousand dollars, but it necessitated defending any or all of them whenever they were so unfortunate as to run foul of the police; and, as luck would have it, out of the two hundred policy holders forty-seven of them were arrested within the first six months—fifteen for burglary, eleven for robbery and assault, sixteen for theft and five for murder. These latter cases took all of Gottlieb's working hours for some seven and a half weeks, at the end of which time he threw up his hands and vowed never to insure anybody against anything again. The end of the matter was that we returned the premiums and canceled the policies of the remaining one hundred and fifty-three insured. This done, Gottlieb and I heaved sighs of relief.

"You are a clever fellow, Quib," he acknowledged good naturedly, "but in some ways you are ahead of your time. You ought to have gone into life insurance or railroading. Your genius is wasted on anything that ain't done wholesale. Lets you and me just stick to such clients as come our way in the natural course of events. There isn't any one born yet big enough to do all the criminal law business in this little old town all by himself."

And in this I with some regret agreed with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Good Tale Bears Telling Twice

"You can now buy the good, old reliable Lucky Strike Tobacco in the most convenient form—ROLL CUT—all ready for your pipe."

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO 10c

All Dealers

THIS is a tale which brings a laugh of sheer delight to the face of every wise pipe smoker—not only twice, but every time it's time to smoke.

There is no joke about this. Smokers everywhere have never found anything to equal Lucky Strike quality. The sales prove this. And now smokers cannot find anything to surpass the "Roll Cut" form in convenience.

Year after year, for over half a century, smokers all over the world have stuck to Lucky Strike. They have told the tale of Lucky Strike superiority over and over again and brought the smile of real pipe-smoke satisfaction to the faces of millions.

Lucky Strike is produced from the choicest, selected Burley tobacco, matured for years under the most favorable climatic conditions, and treated by the Patterson Process which was discovered by Dr. R. A. Patterson. This process is one of our company's commercial secrets. It is one of the basic reasons why you will find in no other tobacco such

A Pure, Mild, Fragrant Biteless Smoke

Lucky Strike burns freely, slowly, clearly. It holds its fire—doesn't heat the pipe—doesn't clog it up.

If *you* haven't tried Lucky Strike Roll Cut, get it from your dealer now and laugh that laugh of real delight. You'll stick to Lucky Strike and the smile of satisfaction will stick to you.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

To the Tobacco Trade

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

Taylor-Critchfield Co.

Leading Advertising and Merchandising Agents of America

CHICAGO
NEW YORK - DETROIT

Producing a Play on a Shoestring

(Concluded from Page 11)

amusing things of that part of their success that is due to the assistance of young and inexperienced persons working with the ardor of a new interest in stagework.

No modern "faking" of properties, scenery and costumes can compare with the "faking" perpetrated in the early days of the drama in America, as we learn from stories told by old actors. In those days shiny cambric with chintz flowers cut out and sewed upon it did duty for flower-brocaded satin. Madras lace, diligently brushed the wrong way to raise the nap, was accepted as heavy, uncut velvet. Canton flannel, embroidered with spangles, was splendidly effective as the royal gown that decked the stage queen. Outside of Shaksperean costumes the wardrobe of the footlight favorite contained little more than a black velvet gown, a white satin gown and a white muslin. All fluctuations of time and style were indicated by outside touches added to such standard clothes.

Among what were called provincial actors—or, in this country, barnstormers—the costuming of Shakspere plays, for instance, consisted of a black doublet and hose suitable for Hamlet and many other sentimental parts, and a gay cavalier dress suitable for any occasion that was free from gloom. The facial makeup was a little rice powder in a paper, a dash of carmine in another paper, and a bit of blackened china—the carbon coming from the candle or gaslight over which it was held.

Mr. Jefferson used to tell of one of those old provincial actors who often did not even take the trouble to inquire what play was to be given until just before the performance. And why should he? He knew all his rôles, he had only two costumes and his makeup was elaborately simple. He might be seen, shortly before a performance was to take place, coming into the dressing room, beautifully saluting the actors who shared his quarters, inquiring for their health, speaking of the incidents of the day while he disrobed. And then, in a light, airy manner, just as he was ready to proceed with his change of costume, he would ask: "By the way, what do we play tonight?"

"Richard," would be the answer; for you must know the actor never says Richard the Third.

A Modest Wardrobe

"Ah!" the old actor would ejaculate. He would then rub his fingers over his blackened saucer, smear his eyes and part of his face, take another finger to administer a little carmine to his cheeks and over the whole dust some rice powder. Next he would draw on one of his two wigs—the one that indicated tragedy—and his makeup was complete. Presently he would go to the wall, take down his customary suit of solemn black—and in a jiffy he was ready for the performance. If the play chanced to be Taming of the Shrew, our friend would put on a little more carmine, a shade more of white—no black at all—his comedy wig and his cavalier suit.

Up to fifteen or twenty years ago, all theaters had practically the same traditional sets of scenery that a traveling company could rely on. These were: the palace arch, suitable for all elaborate interior scenes; the Gothic chamber, a nondescript affair that did equally well for the closet scene in Hamlet and the modern library effect; the fancy chamber; the plain chamber; and the kitchen. These, with three or four exteriors, a garden, a wood scene, a plain landscape and a few set pieces—such as a castle, a church front, a fancy cottage and a plain cottage—sufficed for all plays, ancient and modern. They were used in the same theater for years and years, and were as familiar to the habitués of the house as the faces of the actors, who often played a lifetime on the same stage. They served equally well for Hamlet or Camille, Macbeth or East Lynne. The royal court of Denmark assembled in the palace arch one week, and the next week it was the parlor in which the Parisian *demi-mondaine* received Armand and her questionable companions. It must have been very easy to produce new plays then; but the craze for novelty on the stage had not set in. There was seemingly no great demand for new plays or new actors.

The supernumeraries of those days, in ill-fitting clothes, with slouching figures and gaits and vacuous faces, were barbarians one night, a Roman rabble the next, courtiers or soldiers the next, or elegant loungers of leisure in modern drawing rooms. Equally bizarre in all, they apparently did not disturb the illusion of the play. There is a story of a happening during the tour of an actor who in those days was a great star. A victorious army, assembled on the stage when the curtain rose, consisted of a mere dozen of the derelicts. That was the largest army employed by the theater. It varied in each city, sometimes getting down to a half dozen conquerors. The valiant soldier, the star, addressed this handful of tatterdemalions with as much ardor as if there had been hundreds of them. An officer replies to his peroration thus: "Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men, who looked, methinks, but coldly now, dismayed by the unequal numbers of the foe!"

There came a night in a small town when only one "super" was available to represent the army. Undaunted, the valiant soldier delivered his famous speech to the officer and one "super." Then this from the officer: "Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our man, who looked, methinks, but coldly now, dismayed by the unequal numbers of the foe!"

No one would dare to do that sort of thing now. Yet those audiences knew and loved the drama far better than we.

People had to be educated up to correctness in stage details. The first of those who undertook to improve the traditional costuming of Shakspere met with disaster.

The Comic Britons

Madame Modjeska, for instance, made a production of Cymbeline that was artistically right in every way. The most striking feature of it was the makeup of the ancient Britons. Their hair was long and dyed a strange red tint; and when they went to war they glued it together so that it stood upright and tapered to a point over their heads. When these properly gotten-up Britons surged in on the Roman soldiers in the third act there were shrieks of laughter from the auditors, and finally pandemonium. The modern comedians with their green hair and magenta whiskers were familiar figures. The spectators thought, therefore, that the fierce and warlike Britons "were cutting capers," and the curtain had to be rung down amid shrieks of merriment. The next night a sadder and wiser manager arrayed his Britons in the traditional barbarian getup—skins, long, dark hair, and thonged boots.

How odd it is to reflect that for a century or more there was no door leading on to the stage that did not have a piece of wood several inches high across the bottom of the opening, over which the actors had to step as they entered on the stage. It was a part of the framework of the scenes, was called the "batten" and has only been dispensed with a few years. For a time some doors had battens and some had not, and the constant cry of the stage manager was: "Look out for the batten!" The hapless actor who flourished during the use of this obstruction would often stub his toes against it and be precipitated head first into the room he was supposed to enter with dignity and ease; or, vice versa, a haughty dame would get to her point of exit and deliver a cutting speech, only to forget the batten and be ignominiously hurled outward through the door on her hands.

At Madame Modjeska's first appearance in Boston she was painfully hurt by forgetting the batten in the doorway. The play was Adrienne Lecouvreur. Adrienne does not appear until the middle of the second act. The excitement to welcome the new star was great and was augmented by the long wait before she came on. The scene is the greenroom of a theater. Adrienne, an actress in the play, enters in Turkish costume, holding a book and declaiming the lines she is to speak a little later on the adjoining stage. On the night in question there was the hush of expectancy as her voice was heard outside. She appeared at the door and the next instant fell violently forward on her face, with a terrible thud. She did not move. After being lifted to her feet she was placed in a chair and played most of the scenes seated, limping off the stage painfully at the close. Madame carried the scars of those barked shins for many a day.

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A car which appeals alike to the masculine and feminine members of the family because it so completely satisfies the practical demands of the one; and the artistic tastes of the other.

The Hupmobile for 1912 is sold completely equipped.

Thus, $750 buys a Runabout fitted with doors, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps for the dash and rear, a complete set of tools, and horn; $900 includes similar equipment on the touring car, etc.

In addition, we have incorporated improvements which represent $100 more in material alone than in preceding models.

The more important of these improvements include Vanadium steel springs; Timken bearings back of driving pinion; rear wheels keyed onto tapered axle shaft; ten-inch instead of eight-inch brakes; Timken roller bearings on front wheels; new pressed steel, brass-lined radiator, with efficiency increased one-third; nine-inch instead of six-inch mud-guards; oilers on all spring hangers; Hyatt roller bearings in differential; improved carburetor that will not leak and is easily and accurately adjusted; four instead of two pinions on the differential.

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HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan

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